Lewis Carroll
Alice
in Wonder-
land.

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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

by

Lewis Carroll

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Льюис КЭРРОЛЛ

«ПРИКЛЮЧЕНИЯ АЛИСЫ В СТРАНЕ ЧУДЕС»

(На английском языке)

Издание третье

Фантастическую повесть-сказку Льюиса Кэрролла, английского писателя XIX века, знают и любят читатели многих стран.

Повесть написана легким, доступным языком и может быть использована как материал для чтения уже на младших курсах неязыковых вузов. Она будет очень интересна для самых широких кругов читателей, знающих английский язык.

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НЕПРЕМЕННОСТЬ СУДЬБЫ

I

Те, кто знал преподобного Ч. Л. Доджсона в Оксфорде — преподаватели и особенно студенты, — не имели и повода подозревать, что тихий, застенчивый, страдающий от сильного заикания человек, которому едва дается исполнение обязанностей «тьютора» — руководителя семинара, живет причудливым тайным бытием. Иногда, правда, броня замкнутости давала трещину, и запредельный мир напоминал о себе эксцентрической загадкой: «Ч-ч-что лу-лучше: часы, которые показывают верное время однажды в год или два ра-раза в сутки?»

Но кто станет ломать себе над этим голову?

Надо ли замечать подобные парадоксы в пучине куда больших бурь?

Вопрос ли это для умов, занятых в 40—50-х годах прошлого столетия знаменитыми оксфордскими спорами, где дебатировались краеугольные проблемы веры, мировосприятия, идеологии?

Студенты, по крайней мере те, которых Доджсон в 1864 году снабдил «Руководством для изучающих математику», ничего выдающегося в своем наставнике не находили. Скучен был, по их мнению, словно стоячая лужа. А через год Чарльз Лутвидж Доджсон, обладатель научных трудов и к тому же священнического

звания, оказался Льюисом Кэрроллом, сочинителем затейливой детской книжки «Приключения Алисы в Стране Чудес» (*Alice in Wonderland*, 1865).

Трудно различим был Льюис Кэрролл, забавник и парадоксалист, в облике Ч. Л. Доджсона, «постного оксфордского декана». Сдержанный суховатый математик или, напротив, эксцентрический рассказчик, — два облика, соединенные «смертной оболочкой», — с какой бы стороны ни взглянуть, — не давали окружающим легко заметного повода догадываться о постоянном саморазборе, разладе и самоугрызении, пульсирующем в одном мозгу, в одном сознании. Теперь мы читаем в дневнике: «Великие милости, большие поражения, потерянное время, талант без приложения — таков был уходящий год». И этот горестный итог подводит в декабре 1855 года именно Льюис Кэрролл, между тем как здесь же, только несколькими строками выше, Ч. Л. Доджсон признавал: «Этот год был одним из самых значительных в моей жизни: я начинал его бедным студентом без определенных планов и надежд; я заканчиваю его кандидатом и преподавателем колледжа с доходом в триста фунтов, обеспеченный по воле божьей математическим курсом по крайней мере на ближайшие несколько лет».

Надеялись на дневники. Полагали, что в них, остававшихся до последнего времени закрытыми, механика внутреннего мира писателя обнаружит себя. Сенсаций, однако, не произошло. Любители таковых могли быть, вероятно, разочарованы, поскольку самым поразительным в дневниках Льюиса Кэрролла оказался тот факт, что личные записи повторяли — только в более дробных долях — характерную монотонность образа жизни, известную уже по общей биографической канве.

Прежде знали: родился в 1832 году в семье священника Чарльза Доджсона в графстве Чешир. Учился в Ричмонде и Регби. Аттестат зрелости получил

в оксфордском колледже Крайст-черч, где был студентом, а по окончании курса преподавателем. Отличался математическими способностями, хотя и «не блистал». Занимался математической логикой — наукой, в ту пору только формировавшейся и нашедшей применение в наше время в разработке теорий кибернетики, устройстве вычислительных машин, «умных» самообучающихся механизмов, развитии математической лингвистики.

Увлечением Ч. Л. Доджсона были различного рода шифры, которые он постоянно изобретал. Мечтал он также написать стихи, где обыгрывался бы смысл слова «ничто», и уделял много сил фотографии, только входившей в моду.

Начал пробовать перо довольно рано. Печатал шутки в стихах и в прозе на страницах юмористического выпуска «Таймс» и некоторых других изданий (1853—1856), но главным образом занимался изготовлением домашних рукописных журналов, наиболее жизнеспособным из которых оказался «Зонт священника» (*Rectory Umbrella*). В 1856 году послал по просьбе редактора список возможных псевдонимов, поскольку предпочитал не подписываться собственным именем и ставил одни литеры. Редактору хотелось что-нибудь благозвучное. Выбрано было из предложенных вариантов обозначение «Льюис Кэрролл», сложившееся из начальных слогов имен Лутвидж-Людовик, Луи-Льюис и трансформации Чарльз-Карлус-Кэрролл. Под стихотворением «Одиночество» этот псевдоним появляется в печати.

К 1857 году Льюис Кэрролл успел опубликовать по журналам, а тем более насочинить столько, что впоследствии — уже после «Алисы» — стихов, головоломок, загадок с некоторыми добавлениями оказалось достаточно для издания двух книг «Фантасмагория» (*Phantasmagoria*, 1869) и «Рифма? — Разум?» (*Rhyme? and Reason?*, 1883).

В августе 1865 года накануне выхода в свет «Алисы в Стране Чудес» Ч. Л. Доджсон с карандашом в руках прикидывал, во сколько обойдется ему все издание, и заключил: «на прибыль едва ли можно надеяться».

При всей старательности расчетов они оказались весьма приблизительными: ровно через год после первой публикации «Приключений Алисы» Льюис Кэрролл, сохраняя пунктуальность, записал, что им были получены авторские экземпляры пятой тысячи... Всего, — еще более пунктуально добавляют биографы, — при жизни писателя его книга разошлась в ста восьмидесяти тысячах экземпляров.

Начальные оттиски с дарственными надписями кроме ближайших друзей, больших и маленьких, получил ряд дорогих автору лиц, среди которых были физик Майкл Фарадей и выдающийся биолог-дарвинист Томас Гексли, потом в тот же ряд попали известные поэты, писатели, художники, новые знакомые, большие и маленькие, и даже члены королевской фамилии. Список этот увеличивался, по мере того как росла слава Льюиса Кэрролла. Получили право издания «Приключений Алисы» американские печатники, и книга переправилась за океан; шли переговоры о французском переводе, о немецком — оба скоро появились (1869)*. На стихотворные тексты из «Приключений Алисы» была написана музыка, причем композитор — вполне в духе Льюиса Кэрролла — не оставил без мелодии *и* «голос омара».

Признание Льюиса Кэрролла окончательно упрочилось. Популярность его перешла и границы серьезного уважения, на ней появился пошловатый оттенок банальности: эпизоды из «Алисы» стали служить сюжетами для картинок на крышках конфетных коробок. Льюис Кэрролл к ужасу своему стал моден.

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* Первый русской перевод «Приключений Алисы в Стране Чудес» был издан в 1909 году.

В 1867 году вместе со своим другом доктором Лиддоном он совершил европейское путешествие — через Францию и Германию — в Россию, где они побывали в Петербурге, на Нижегородской ярмарке, в Москве и в Троицко-Сергиевской лавре.

Несколько забавных книг написал и выпустил затем Льюис Кэрролл (не считая математических сочинений). Каждая из этих книг, особенно «В Зазеркалье; что там увидела Алиса» (*Through the Looking Glass*; *What Alice Saw There*, 1871), фактически вторая часть «Приключений в Стране Чудес», подкрепляла репутацию Льюиса Кэрролла, как автора «Приключений», хотя и не превышала ее.

Поездка в Россию была единственным значительным для Льюиса Кэрролла перемещением. Он по-прежнему жил в Оксфорде, в 1881 году оставил должность преподавателя математики, однако продолжал деятельность проповедника. В 1897 году он отправился под новый год к сестре в графство Серрей разве только затем, чтобы скоропостижно — в январе 1898 года — умереть там.

Биография, выпущенная Ст. Доджсоном Коллингвудом, племянником писателя*, вскоре после смерти Льюиса Кэрролла, имела заметный успех. Однако на исходе прошлого столетия и в начале нашего века интерес к его творчеству ослабел. На какой-то период о причудливом писателе вовсе забыли; именно в это время разрознился, к сожалению, его архив, часть бумаг исчезла, а некоторые оказались в случайных руках.

В 1932 году, в столетнюю свою годовщину, Льюис Кэрролл пережил посмертное «возрождение». Юбилей этот стал национальным событием. Был создан представительный комитет, заново выпущены книги, опубликованы материалы из-под спуда, организована выстав-

* St. Dodgson Collingwood. The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll, Lnd., 1898.

ка, отмечены мемориальные места. И снова сюжеты из книг писателя появились на крышках конфетных коробок. Рассказывали о том, что у писателя в его оксфордском кабинете была игрушечная железная дорога, заводная летучая мышь, калейдоскоп, еще много всяких удивительных вещей, которыми он занимал своих маленьких знакомых и сверх того — рассказы о приключениях в Стране Чудес. Еще жива была Алиса Лидделл, Алиса-«вдохновительница». Она постаралась вспомнить, как и когда впервые довелось ей услышать истории, которые теперь начинаются хрестоматийными стихами:

Покойный полдень
Золотой и мы втроем —
Одни — плывем...

Вспышка интереса к Льюису Кэрроллу носила не только сенсационный характер. К этой поре вполне успели разглядеть, что причудливые рассказы для детей о приключениях Алисы со временем оказали воздействие на «взрослую» литературу. Забавные выкрутасы, вроде возможности представить себе «кота без улыбки и улыбку без кота» или сделать приятелями Мартовского Зайца и Шляпника, имели своими последствиями некоторые вполне серьезные приемы повествования и психологического анализа. К Льюису Кэрроллу, к его биографии и творчеству, к его детским книгам и математическим сочинениям, фотографиям, письмам и прочим личным бумагам подступили исследователи во всеоружии новейших научных средств.

Если бы дети, которым суждено было раньше других узнать о похождениях Алисы, отдавали себе более сознательный отчет в исключительности историй, им преподносимых, они, вероятно, постарались бы рассмотреть устройство ума и глаза рассказчика, их забавляющего. Так разбирают они игрушки, те, что особенно для них

привлекательны и любопытны. И зрелый читатель едва ли избежит того же искушения. Пытаясь уловить существо творческой натуры Льюиса Кэрролла, он может счесть для себя девизом слова поэта-романтика С. Т. Кольриджа (Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772—1834), книгу которого «Спутник размышлений» (*Aids to Reflection*, 1825) Ч. Л. Доджсон читал всю жизнь. «Ничто, — заметил однажды поэт, — не занимает нас с таким постоянством, как явление, содержащее в себе причину, которая делает это явление именно таковым, каково оно есть, но не иным». Льюис Кэрролл по-своему называл это «непременностью судьбы» (Inevitability of Fate).

II

Льюис Кэрролл со своей внешней неприметностью, отсутствием какой-либо видимой оппозиционности принятому, не принадлежал к поколению «бунтующих детей», у него были подозрительно мирные, в глазах фрейдистов, отношения с отцом. В противоположность большинству знаменитостей он старательно учился. Со служебной четкостью преподавал. И если были у него нелады со студентами, то Ч. Л. Доджсон не позволил подобному конфликту оформиться. Его как будто не задевали оксфордские споры.

Подчеркнутое почтение к официальности. Королевская семья — их величества — восторг.

Тем более любопытно, что под этой «конвенциальной», как выражаются по такому поводу в Англии (от слова conventional*), благонамеренной наружностью в существе все оказывается разрушено, связи порваны, восприятие перестроено, человек чужд «конвенции» — установленной нормативности. Сила ума, как видно, сама собой привела

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* Подчиняющийся принятому порядку вещей

его в столкновение с общепринятым, хотя это столкновение осталось в скрытых, шифрованных формах. Мы не заметим его, пожалуй, если прочтем о «высочайшем» визите в Оксфорд и встрече с принцем крови, чести говорить с которым удостоился Ч. Л. Доджсон.

Неужели, однако, подвижной ум Льюиса Кэрролла был в этот момент парализован подобострастием? Или по крайней мере, когда померк, рассеялся «отсвет величия», как выражаются подчас восторженные англичане, скользнувший невзначай по персоне Ч. Л. Доджсона, неужели и тогда его мозг не сделал своего дела и не заставил усмехнуться?

Посмотрим на гротескные фигуры королевы, короля, придворных и привратников из Страны Чудес. Слишком сильно дает себя знать в этих карикатурах вполне взрослая желчь, чтобы только детская забава заставила авторскую фантазию создать их. Взгляните, с какой отчаянностью отмахивается от мишурного кошмара маленькая Алиса, и вслушайтесь в ее раздраженный возглас:

— Да ведь вы всего-навсего колода карт!

III

Всю жизнь Льюис Кэрролл донимал всех на свете вопросом «Где начинается день?» Он приставал к друзьям и знакомым, он писал в редакции. Допуская логическую уловку, он доказывал, что если двигаться вокруг земного шара вместе с солнцем, то нельзя будет установить, когда, скажем, «вторник» начинает называться «среда».

«Проще всего, конечно, — предупреждал писатель, — решить, что это случается где-нибудь над океаном, занимающим большую часть земной поверхности, а что там происходит на воде, никто не знает».

Короче говоря, Льюис Кэрролл предлагал ограничиться в обозначении всей недели названием одного дня и эту

шутку, которую он часто повторял в разговорах, а также записал и напечатал, мы находим в «Приключениях Алисы». Она отражена в замечании королевы о «целой неделе четвергов» и кроме того в рассуждении о том, что в Стране Чудес самое главное «стремиться как можно быстрее вперед, оставаясь все время на одном месте». Так собственно можно по слогам разобрать всю книжку, отмечая бытовые детали, в реальности окружавшие писателя и его друзей, или очертания отдельных замыслов, наметившихся прежде, чем соединились они в повествовании.

Почти все персонажи книги имели жизненные подобия, свои прототипы. Утенок (Duck), например, это Дакворт, друг Льюиса Кэрролла по Оксфорду. А допотопная птица Дронт-Додо это он сам, затруднявшийся обычно при знакомстве в произнесении своего настоящего имени: «До-До-Доджсон»... Даже у кошки Дины был прототип, звавшийся тем же именем.

Бывает, что в игрушках, сохранившихся с детства, или домашних животных, едва ли не располагающих полноправным семейным членством, вдруг начинает подозреваться некая сказочная осмысленность: они повторяют людей или даже более того — каким-то особым независимым и незаметным образом авторитетно наблюдают за ними. К таким фантомальным спутникам относилась, вероятно, и Дина. Не случайно она с постоянством упоминается в книжках Льюиса Кэрролла, хотя исследователи не находят согласия в ответе на вопрос, действует ли «В Зазеркалье» та же замечательная Дина, или какая-то иная кошечка?

Нет пока определенного результата в поисках следов тех белых кроликов, что выросли и слились в блестящей фигуре Белого Кролика, камергера. Говорят, что в Ландудно, уэльском городке, где на летних каникулах жил преподобный Лидделл с семьей и где гостил Льюис Кэрролл,

водились кролики, называют и другие места. А Шляпник, скажем, был наверняка. Когда появилась книжка, в эксцентрическом собеседнике Мартовского Зайца оксфордцы сразу узнали некоего Теофилиуса Картера, торговца, и с тех пор иначе как Безумный Шляпник его не называли.

Хотя и здесь спорят.

В образе Шляпника Льюис Кэрролл действительно обрисовал определенное лицо, знакомое ему по Оксфорду. Когда же он договорился с художником Джоном Теннилом об иллюстрациях и повез его в Оксфорд специально взглянуть на оригинал, Теннил сделал наброски, а затем рисунки. Большинство, тем не менее, за пределами Оксфорда склонно было видеть в обличье Безумного Шляпника — Гладстона, главу правительственного кабинета. Дело в том, что Джон Теннил работал присяжным карикатуристом сатирического журнала «Панч» и, набивши руку на политических шаржах, он, изображая смешного человечка, который с глубокомысленным видом говорит пустяковину, возможно, невольно придал ему подобие премьер-министра.

Так и сегодня одни думают, что Шляпник из Страны Чудес — это Картер, торговец из Оксфорда, а другие — что это премьер Гладстон. Много ли, однако, противоречия в том, что оксфордский обыватель и глава правительства соединены сходством, что они получились как бы на одно лицо? Можно допустить, пользуясь логикой Льюиса Кэрролла, простую мысль: если Безумный Шляпник умел хранить глубокомысленное молчание, а Гладстон «заговаривал целые парламенты, университеты, корпорации, депутации»,* то это еще не причина, чтобы Картер и Гладстон не могли быть похожи.

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* А. И. Герцен. Собр. соч. в 30-ти тт., М., АН СССР, 1957, т. XI, стр. 285.

Вообще по разноречивости вызванных толкований «Приключения Алисы» могли бы в какой-то мере поспорить с «Трагической историей принца Гамлета». В книжке Льюиса Кэрролла видели и невротический кошмар, и аллегорическую полемику по религиозным проблемам, и политические распри, комически представленные, и вовсе ничего, кроме детской забавы.

Что же в «Приключениях Алисы» содержится на самом деле?

Да, пожалуй, как и в «Гамлете», — все. Все в том смысле, что сознание рассказчика, автора, совершенно срослось со своим временем и способно уловить суть этого времени, как самое себя прочувствовать во всем — и в мыслях, и в модах, и в мелочах, и в масштабах грандиозности. «Все кругом меня изобличает», — говорит Гамлет и со своей стороны сам во всем обличает современность — в порочности нравов, преступности властей, плачевных раздорах в театре. Он может взять в руки флейту, череп, любую частность или, напротив, мысленно обратиться к чему-то общему: «Краса вселенной — человек», — и показать во всем «квинтэссенцию праха», вездесущую, последовательную порчу. И в конце концов не столь уже важно, о чем исторически конкретном успевает упомянуть в своих речах Гамлет и что остается не высказанным, не перечисленным, гораздо важнее, что во всем, о чем бы шекспировский герой ни говорил, последовательно проявляется определенное нравственно-психологическое состояние — симптом целой эпохи.

Нечто подобное происходит по-своему и с Льюисом Кэрроллом. Его рассказы зародились в детской или во всяком случае в узком, частном кругу. Поначалу они не претендовали ни на что общеинтересное. Их слышали немногие, их понимали немногие, они предназначались для немногих.

«Для вас троих», — обращал к близким, к детям, к милым призракам своего детства Анатоль Франс «Книгу моего друга».

И в этом не надо видеть высокомерную замкнутость, как не можем мы принять романтический пафос Аркадия Гайдара за одну только детскую восторженность и не чувствовать выношенных страстей в накипающем у маленьких Чука и Гека желании «открыть против кого-нибудь бой».

Это не замкнутость и не наивность, но расчет на точную передачу определенного типа сознания, соединившего в себе волею судеб нити многих пониманий и в силу этого достойного быть старательно изображенным.

Льюис Кэрролл, как и А. Франс, имеет перед собой тех же смышленых детей, которые росли в близости ко взрослым, и, сохраняя непосредственность восприятия, получали для своего подвижного ума пищу недетски острого содержания. Усваивая ее, они, однако, не отравлялись, не теряли нетронутости, и оттого в их устах стершиеся понятия обретали свежий смысл.

О, если б навсегда могла сохраниться в сознании та же нетронутость и та же смышленость! — твердит про себя Льюис Кэрролл, перекладывая эту несбыточность на стихи о ребенке «с безоблачным челом и пытливым взором». И как затуманиваются черты лица, принимая следы жизненных невзгод, так и рассказ о Стране Чудес, покидая пределы детской, обращается в грустный гротеск.

В июне 1855 года Льюис Кэрролл записывает. «Умер наш старый декан» и менее чем через неделю отмечает, что на его место назначен вестминстерский священник Генри Джордж Лидделл и что известие было принято в Оксфорде без энтузиазма. Предчувствия не обманули — новый декан оказался сухим педантом и догматиком. К тому же он был полностью под каблуком у своей супруги. Некоторое время спустя Льюис Кэрролл познакомился

с семейством Лидделлов. Со старшими сближения не произошло, а с маленьким Гарри Лидделлом они стали друзьями. Но особенная дружба завязалась у Льюиса Кэрролла с дочерьми Лидделлов, с тремя сестрами: Лориной шести лет, Алисой — четырех и Эдит двух лет. Им — Приме, Секунде, Терции — и довелось услышать о приключениях в Стране Чудес.

«Большая часть историй, — вспоминала впоследствии Алиса Лидделл, — была рассказана нам мистером Доджсоном во время лодочных прогулок по реке в окрестностях Оксфорда».

«Все повествование фактически сложилось и было рассказано через мое плечо ради Алисы Лидделл», — писал неизменный участник этих прогулок Дакворт, сидевший обычно на веслах.

Алиса, средняя, оказалась основной героиней. Она же шутя попросила своего старшего друга записать для нее удивительные похождения, что тот всерьез исполнил.

«Приключения Алисы» существовали в изустной, так сказать, традиции около пяти лет. Основа книги вполне сформировалась, прежде чем все повествование в его первоначальном виде попало на бумагу. На первых же порах появилось домашнее, рукописное «издание» под заглавием «Приключения Алисы в Подземелье» (*Alice's Adventures Underground*). Потом действие перенеслось в Страну Чудес, которая также расположена где-то под землей: Алиса попадает в нее через кроличью нору и колодец.

После издания «Алисы» Льюис Кэрролл выпустил в свет и «домашний» вариант «Приключений», удовлетворив, как он писал, любопытство читателей, желавших, вероятно, узнать, с чего началось. Сравнивая варианты, мы видим, как повествование становится литературно более изысканным, конструктивно прочным, подвижным. Основной изобразительный прием — бытовая деталь в немыслимом повороте — побуждает воображение двигаться

дальше. Игра ума выходит за пределы детского восприятия, и то, что было придумано «ради Алисы», оказывается способным занять не только безоблачное внимание ребенка.

Книга Льюиса Кэрролла обрела достаточно законченную литературную форму в семейном кругу, а затем постепенно, производя как бы продольный разрез общества, поднималась к широкому читательскому уровню. Этот путь выводит на публичное обозрение нечто интимное, личное, которое уже успело вобрать в себя суть времени.

Почему же заставил повествователь сказочного Чеширского Кота на манер доктора Крупова угрожающе заявить: «Мы все безумны. Я — безумен. Ты — безумна»? Отчего же так? Почему вдруг «поэзия бессмыслицы»?

IV

«Бессмыслица» как прием жила в народной английской поэзии, особенно в так называемых стихах или песенках «для детской». Это вообще, — как показал в свое время К. И. Чуковский, — древний, узаконенный веками метод мышления детей всего мира: детский фольклор Дании, Германии, Франции, а также России свидетельствует об этом. «Детскими» становились иногда со временем строки вполне взрослые, злые и даже грозные, но утратившие за давностью лет свою грозность. Так английским детям с малых лет твердят стишки:

Бедняга Джек
Ел пирог,
А король
Ему помог
и т. д.

Толковые словари разъяснят нам, что эта песенка сохранилась со времен короля Генриха VIII, который производил множество всяких противоречивых преобра-

зований, и, ущемив однажды права горожан, вызвал над собой насмешку. Голова и не одна слетела в свое время, возможно, если обладатель ее позволял себе распевать эту песенку. А ныне это — «для детской», как мы говорим, «юрьев день», освободив хлесткое словцо от опасной политической остроты. В «считалочках», ритмически организованных «бессмыслицах» вроде наших «эники-беники» и т. д., сохранились, полагают историки, элементы наречий британских островов еще до римского завоевания.

Народное сознание прибегало к гротеску, «бессмыслице», отражая таким образом представления о социальной несправедливости, о неправедности жизнеустройства, о неоправданности тяжелой доли труженика. По тем же мотивам в народе прислушивались к юродивым и кликушам, различая в их бессвязном бормотании смутное отражение той же неудовлетворенности.

Профессиональная литература черпает из этой фольклорной традиции с разными целями. Известна значительная смысловая роль «дураков» — шутов, безумцев в пьесах Шекспира. «Шутовство служит ему только ширмою, — говорится в одной из шекспировских комедий, — из-за которой он пускает стрелы своего остроумия».

Обращаясь к народному «абсурду», фольклорному гротеску, литература совершает еще один «бессмысленный» шаг: с сознательной формальной расчетливостью доводит глупость до нарочитого изыска.

Собственно многие истории из «Приключений Алисы» и почти все стихи и песенки в этой книжке представляют собой пародийное искажение популярных в английских детских прибауток и сказок, иными словами, того поэтического материала, который прочно сызмальства входит в сознание и почитается родителями — полезным, а детьми — занимательным. Все равно как если бы у нас вместо простого и привычного «В лесу родилась елочка» детям стали бы напевать не «елочка», а «полочка» или «иголочка»

или «наволочка» и т. п. Причем производилась эта операция, как справедливо заметил один английский литературовед, «с помощью новейшей науки и всех видов новейших идей». В этом сказывался, иначе говоря, новый тип сознания, и в этой «бессмыслице» был, естественно, при всей забавности свой серьезный пафос.

Еще в середине XVIII столетия в Англии появилась сказочная книжка «Песни матушки Гусыни» (*Mother Goose's Melodies*, 1765), из которых кое-что популярно и у нас благодаря переводам К. И. Чуковского и С. Я. Маршака. В конце XVIII и начале XIX столетия англичане с особенным старанием стали собирать отечественную старину. То был век романтизма — разочарованности в настоящем. Не остались без внимания и детские стихи. Литератор, историк, впоследствии крупный шекспировед Дж. О. Хэллиуэлл-Филлипс (J. O. Halliwell-Phillips) издал первое основательное собрание «Английских детских стихов» (*Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1842) и при успехе начинания подготовил в течение десяти лет семнадцать выпусков таких собраний. Позднее были изданы «Детские песни» (*Nursery Songs*, 1865), о которых еще в 1856—1857 годах Льюис Кэрролл принимался писать статью, но это его намерение осталось невыполненным.

Таким образом, распространились и прижились «скрюченные человечки», Шалтай-Болтай, старушка, что жила в башмаке — и прочие каверзные персонажи.

Однако собственно «поэзия абсурда» началась с «Книги бессмыслиц» (*Book of Nonsense*, 1846), автором и иллюстратором которой был художник Эдвард Лир (Edward Lear, 1812—1888). Его предшественниками называют художника Хогарта (William Hogarth, 1697-1764) и поэта Вильяма Купера (William Cowper, 1731—1800) с его причудливой «Историей Джона Гилпина» (*History of John Gilpin*, 1785). Они учредили даже особое издание, которое так и называ-

лось «Клуб Бессмыслицы» (*Nonsense Club*, 1846—1862). Но именно Эдвард Лир утвердил «бессмыслицу» как поэтический жанр и сделал его необычайно популярным. Лир, словно Гомер, только в своем скромном, не эпическом, а «бессмысленном» роде, отличается всеми должными свойствами праотца, родоначальника. В его восприятии и манере есть по-своему величественная непосредственность, которая — как происходит это с поэтическим мышлением вообще — по мере развития ремесла неизбежно идет на убыль. У Лира образцовая, так сказать, бессмыслица. Он благополучно женит кота на сове и столь же благополучно отправляет путников по морю в решете (в народной песенке был все-таки для той же цели приспособлен таз). В отличие от последующих «бессмысленных» поэтов, невольно логизировавших в какой-то степени свой абсурд, придавая ему парадоксальный, но — смысл, стихи Лира вообще свободны от всякой содержательной нагрузки и не терпят вовсе вопроса «Ну, что из этого следует?». Смысловая интонация его шуток, там, где она уловима, сводится к тому, чтобы сдвинуть дремлющую мысль, заставить ее заиграть, устремить через «бессмыслицу» куда-то прочь. Так бегут из опостылевшего буфета с его кухонной дребеденью две пары кондитерских щипцов:

И только одно по пути говорили:
— Прощайте! Мы вряд ли вернемся назад!

(Пер. С. Я. Маршака)

Другая линия — «Бредовые баллады» (*Bab Ballads*, 1869) Вильяма Ш. Джильберта (William Schwenck Gilbert, 1836 — 1911), поэта и драматурга-либреттиста. Джильберт производил по-своему путаницу, добиваясь свободной подвижности сознания. Путал и смещал все он с большей логической последовательностью, чем Лир. В «бессмыслицах» Лира мешанина нарочито лишена за-

метного принципа построения. Единственный принцип: как попало и что попало... У Джильберта главное — с ног на голову, наоборот.

Если у Лира и Джильберта прием «сна» был случаен, то для Льюиса Кэрролла он становится сквозным, как вообще «бессмыслица» под его пером приобретает кошмарный оттенок, обращается в своего рода «визионерство», особенно в «Алисе в Зазеркалье».

Общим местом исследований творчества Льюиса Кэрролла сделались ссылки на то, что в «безумном чаепитии» показана томительная рутина домашней жизни англичан*, а в заключительных главах книги, где королевским судом ведется разбирательство дела об исчезнувших кексах, сатирически изображено британское сутяжничество. Здесь сатира выступает в наиболее заметных формах, но по существу на протяжении всей повести то и дело иронически выставляются напоказ разного рода «бессмыслицы» и глупости.

Глупость во всем вплоть до манеры говорить «Здравствуйте — До свидания», ибо весь ритуал быта совершается по принципу механического исполнения принятых правил. Чванство лакеев, повторяющих друг за другом одно и то же, грубость господ, назойливая щепетильность Белого Кролика: «Ах, я опаздываю! Ах, что же будет! Ах, герцогиня рассердится!», пустота светской беседы, беспорядочная толчея «скачек», устроенных Дронтом, которые олицетворяют сумбур всяких собраний и общественных дискуссий, где вместо направленного соревнования мнений каждый топчется как попало и полагает в результате, что «выиграл», — все «безумно». Все лишено понимания, почему порядок именно таков, а не иной, и стало быть не возникнет большой разницы, если детям вместо

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* Ср. «И мы никуда от этого не уйдем! Будем пить чай, острить... Ускользает наша молодость. Понимаете ли вы это?» — в пьесе Дж. Осборна «Оглянись во гневе» (*Look Back in Anger*, 1956).

затверженных стишков Джейн Тейлор «Смейтесь, звездочки, над нами» (1809) будет предложено:

Вейся, вейся, смейся мне
Нетопырь, летя к луне!

(Пер. А. Оленича-Гнененко)

«Безумие» механически действующих мозгов: читатель Льюиса Кэрролла вспомнит саркастическую улыбку Чеширского Кота, с которой отвечает он на вопрос маленькой Алисы:

— Будьте добры, скажите, пожалуйста, как мне отсюда выбраться?

— Многое зависит от того, куда тебе нужно добраться, — сказал Кот.

— Мне в общем-то все равно куда... — начала было Алиса.

— В таком случае, — прервал ее Кот, — все равно какой дорогой идти.

— Но куда-нибудь я все-таки хотела бы добраться, — пояснила Алиса.

— Об этом не беспокойся, — ответил Кот, — иди как можно дольше и в конце концов куда-нибудь да придешь.

Как бы, однако, не деформировал Льюис Кэрролл в Стране Чудес представления здравого смысла, он старается при любой причудливой трансформации сохранить за своими персонажами психологическую точность поведения. Контраст между невероятностью ситуации и психологически выверенной конкретностью переживаний составляет в его книжке стержневой эффект.

Происходит невероятное: Алиса, сжавшаяся до ничтожных размеров, попадает в дом Кролика и, пригубив там таинственной жидкости из бутылочки, снова начинает расти. Является обеспокоенный Кролик. Идет неравная схватка между Алисой и Кроликом с его слугами. Всякий

раз, когда Алиса, высунув из окна свою огромную руку, отбивает приступ, раздается звон разбитого стекла — это Кролик или Пат или оба вместе падают на парники, расположенные возле дома.

«Как много, однако, — думает между тем Алиса, — у них парников с огурцами»...

Достоверность детали, реальность мысли в нереальной обстановке усугубляет комизм.

Так мелочи быта — перчатки, приветствия, игры, церемонии, ливреи и ракушки, часы и чашки, улыбки и манеры, — схваченные сами по себе с достоверностью, поменялись местами и — возникла Страна Чудес.

V

Книга С. Т. Кольриджа «Спутник размышлений» привлекала Льюиса Кэрролла, вызывала в нем особенное доверие по разным причинам. Фигура архиепископа Лейтона, богослова XVII столетия, представленного за авторитет в этой книге, имела, возможно, для Льюиса Кэрролла силу положительного примера; не сравнивал ли он себя с Лейтоном, кембриджским деканом, противником догматизма, остроумцем, от которого, как вспоминают современники, «не приходилось слышать ни одного банального слова»? Льюису Кэрроллу близка была склонность Лейтона к одиноким размышлениям, его собственным мыслям вторило убеждение епископа в том, что углубленный разбор борений собственной души научит гораздо большему, чем школьная дидактика. Задачи самого Льюиса Кэрролла бесспорно перекликались с намерениями Лейтона «обратить внимание читателя к науке о смысле слов, об их употреблении, правильном и превратном, о бесконечных преимуществах употребления слов с ясным пониманием их существа и значения».

Почему мы так говорим? Почему вследствие этого мы

так думаем? — постоянная тема размышлений писателя, и она оказалась претворена в «Приключениях Алисы».

«Привожу к нелепости» — хотя это изречение и служило Льюису Кэрроллу демонстративным девизом, существо его понималось писателем как стремление «достичь полной точности в употреблении слов, учить других тому же, критиковать предвзятое или неряшливое пользование словами». За словами стоят понятия, понятия складываются в систему умозрительных представлений — это известно, и потому ясен становится внутренний пафос писателя стремящегося к «точному слову» и вместе с этим к истинности представлений, надежности знаний.

— What do you mean by that? — строго обращается к Алисе Гусеница. — Explain yourself.

Строгость — не всегда столь же прямая, подчас принимающая шутливые формы, однако принципиально неизменная, — звучит в голосе Льюиса Кэрролла, когда наблюдает он за дисциплиной речи и мысли, когда при виде того, как распадается в искалеченных словах соединяющая идея, он требует от соотечественников говорить на своем родном языке точно и правильно.

Чувствуя слово, писатель следит за его звучанием в чужих устах. Он отмечает смысловые нарушения и старается проследить, чем они вызваны. Невинным незнанием? Нарочитым невежеством? Намерениями, с которыми преследовалась заведомо ложная цель?

Что заставляет людей подчас не понимать друг друга?

Можно ли понять Короля Страны Чудес? Исполняя обязанности верховного судьи, он постоянно теряет из вида суть дела, а между тем обвиняемому грозят смертной казнью*. Король прячется за словами. "Important" или "unimportant" для него не имеет значения. Он проверяет

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* Королевский крокет и суд у Льюиса Кэрролла напоминает по атмосфере и приему стихотворный отрывок И. С. Тургенева «Крокет в Виндзоре» (1876).

слово лишь по звуку. Что ни фраза, то очередная уловка или во всяком случае ошибка. И его последняя наиболее решительная и вместе с тем совершенно ложная сентенция, по существу бессмысленная, оказывается «первой действительно умной мыслью, какую Король только высказал за целый день».

«Как ясно умеете вы говорить о вещах», — льстиво замечает Герцогиня Алисе. Между тем, правда, детский ясный ум девочки стремится к незатуманенному смыслу слов, понятий, фактов. Алиса старается четко выражать свои мысли так же, как стремится иметь об окружающем верные представления. Ей это дается не сразу. Обратите внимание, как повторяет она стихи и песни, безнадежно путая слова и смысл: Алиса оказывается в подчинении у механического воспроизведения однажды затверженного, она попадает во власть «бессмыслицы», и, смотрите, с каким трудом ей дается освобождение!

Вместе с тем всякий раз, когда Алиса в разговорах с обитателями Страны Чудес добирается сквозь заросли «бессмыслицы» до сути дела, странные создания — будь то Шляпник и Мартовский Заяц или Черепаха и Грифон — предлагают сменить тему разговора, оставить скучный предмет, и голос их в этот момент, как, например, у Грифона, приобретает «весьма решительный тон».

Только два собеседника по-своему сохраняют последовательность до конца. Это философ-созерцатель Гусеница, да саркастический Чеширский Кот. Его изменчивая улыбка мелькает то там, то здесь, и, наблюдая «бессмыслицу» или «безумие» в Стране Чудес, он иронически интересуется у Алисы:

— Ну, как дела?

* * *

Все, что написано Льюисом Кэрроллом после «Приключений Алисы», уже слабее первой его книжки. Крепнет,

становится более определенным мастерство, однако во всем чувствуется логическая заданность намерений. Повествовательные эффекты сделаны с большим расчетом, но с меньшей выразительностью. Возникает впечатление, будто Льюис Кэрролл претворяет в образах не дух некоей идеи, а стремится расщепить ее до образов, с их помощью прямо выразить саму идею. Волшебная иллюзия пропадает.

К повести «В Зазеркалье» этот промах имеет лишь некоторое отношение. Для последующих книг писателя — в стихах «Охота Ворчуна» (*Hunting of the Snark*, 1876) и в прозе «Сильвия и Бруно» (*Sylvie and Bruno*, 1889—1893) — он оказался решающим.

Сам Льюис Кэрролл едва ли не чувствовал этого. Вот почему, вероятно, он с таким постоянством вновь и вновь обращается к «Алисе». То следит за тем, как перекладывают ее на музыку, то хлопочет о сценической постановке. А его книга «Логическая игра» (*Game of Logic*, 1887) просто представляет собой модель «Алисы», построенную на основе головоломок.

«Алиса» в жизни Льюиса Кэрролла оказалась невозвратной. Поэтому, может быть, фотографируя мисс Лидделл уже взрослой девушкой, он постарался поймать в ее лице выражение грусти и взгляд, устремленный мимо объектива и зрителей «куда-то»: к уходящему детству, возможно.

Что ж! Одной книги, как в своей мере «Робинзона» или «Гулливера» достаточно, чтобы репутация писателя стояла высоко и держалась определенно. О далеко пошедшем влиянии «Алисы» сейчас рассуждать не будем: это длинная, как говорила у Льюиса Кэрролла Мышь, история. Мышь добавляла — «печальная», мы же скажем «сложная», поскольку в этой истории придется употребить такие серьезные слова, вроде «сюрреализм», «психоанализ», новейшая поэзия или «драма абсурда»

и т. п. А мы только что отметили, сколь строго относился Льюис Кэрролл к употреблению важных слов. Не будем нарушать его разумных правил.

Влияние «Приключений Алисы» обратилось также и в другую сторону — к собственно детской литературе. Следом за Льюисом Кэрроллом написал свои книжки о Робине и Винни-Пухе Алан Милн (Alan Milne, р. 1882). Знакомые нам с детства Мойдодыр, Крокодилище, Тараканище, «а за ними кот задом наперед» или «Гражданка, во время пути собака могла подрасти», даже легендарный дядя Степа, который проживает в «доме восемь дробь один» рядом с нами, все они вынуждают вспомнить причудливую Страну Чудес, некогда созданную Льюисом Кэрроллом.

Д. Урнов

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

INTRODUCTION

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with littlr skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale, of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

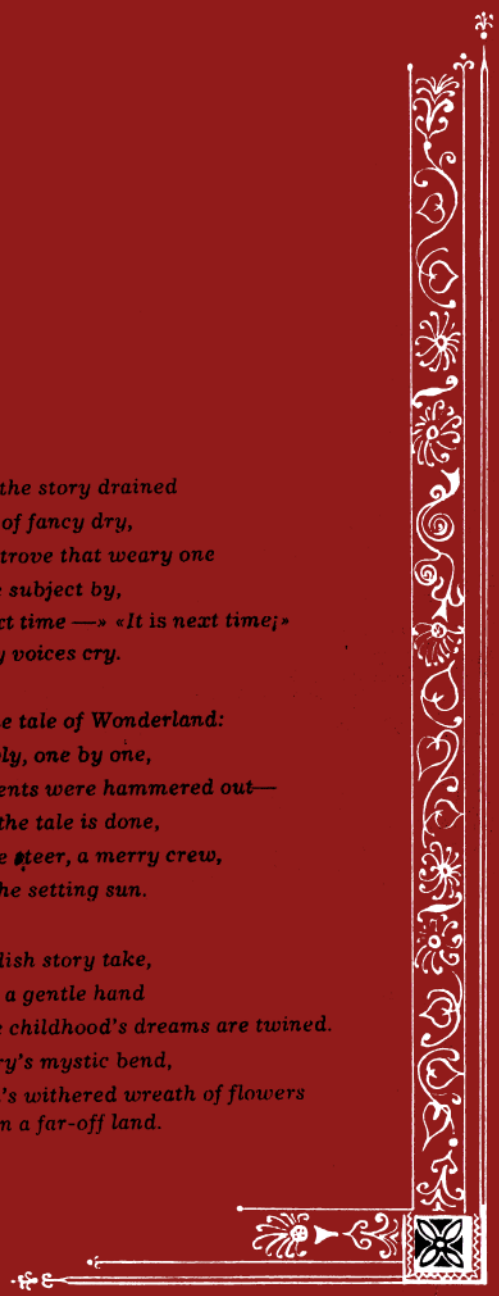
Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict to "begin it"—
In gentler tone Secunda hopes
«There will be nonsense in it»—
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast —
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
«The rest next time —» «It is next time!»
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice, a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where childhood's dreams are twined.
In memory's mystic bend,
Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.



DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is

the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" (When she thought it over afterward, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket,* and looked at it,

and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a Rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disappointment it was empty; she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs. How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house." (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall

never
come to an
end? "I wonder
how many miles I've
fallen by this time?" she said
aloud. "I must be getting some-
where near the centre of the earth.
Let me see: that would be four thou-
sand miles down, I think" (for, you see,
Alice had learned several things of this
sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and
though this was not a *very* good opportunity
for showing off her knowledge, as there was no
one to listen to her, still it was good practice
to say it over)—"yes, that's about the right
distance—but then I wonder what latitude
or longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not
the slightest idea what latitude was or
longitude either, but she thought they
were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I won-
der if I shall fall right *through*
the earth! How funny it'll
seem to come out among
the people that
walk with
their

heads downward! The Antipathies, I think" (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word), "but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zeland or Australia?" and she tried to courtesy as she spoke—fancy *courtesying* as you're falling through the air! (Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the white

rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high; she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-

hole; she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME," beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry; "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not;" for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burned, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them, such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison,"

it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry tart, custard, pine apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that

lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further; she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it; she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

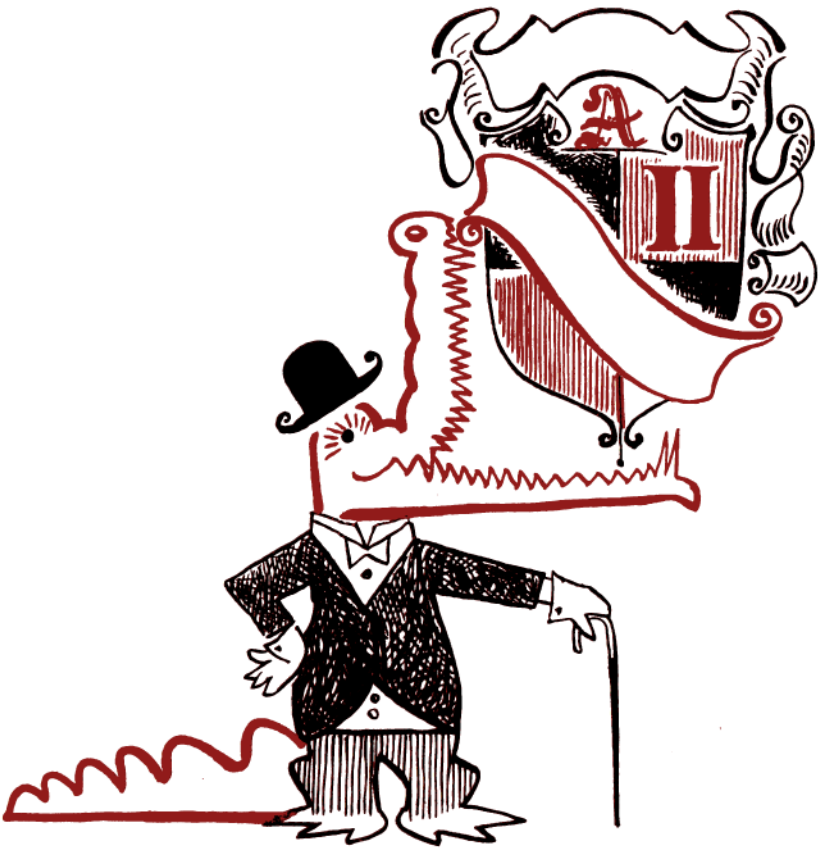
"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying

under the table; she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens."

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself "Which way? Which way?" holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size; to be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.



THE POOL OF TEARS

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice (she was so much surprised that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English). "Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able! I shall be

a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can; but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see. I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.
Hearthrug,
near the Fender,
(with Alice's love).

Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!"

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye: but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all around her, about four inches deep, and reaching half down the hall.

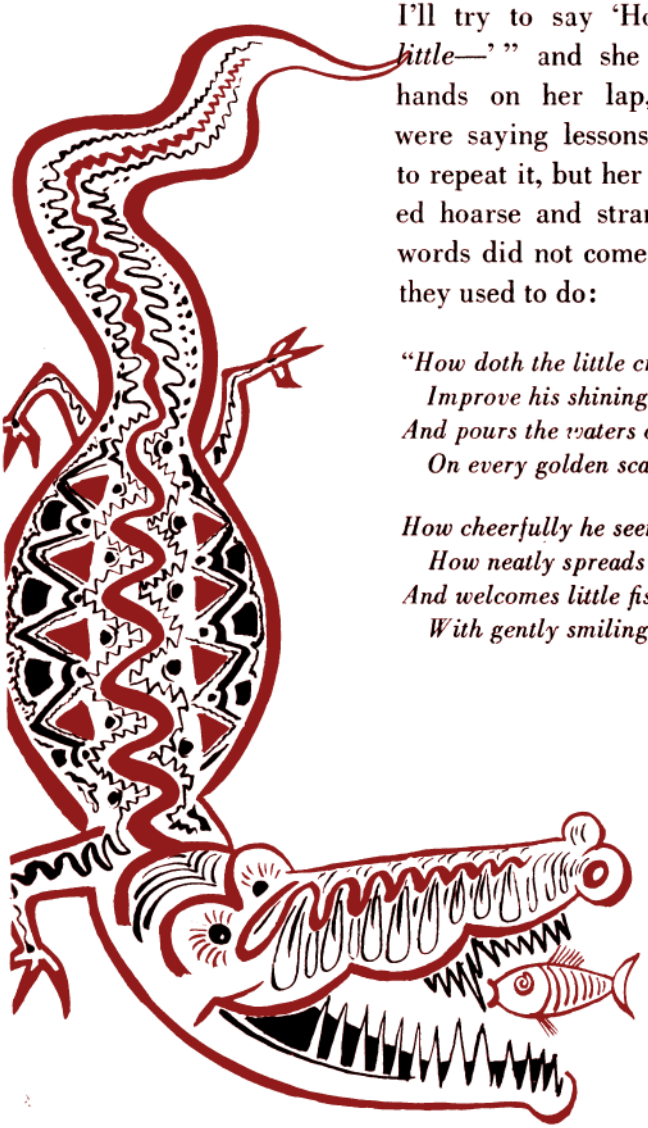
After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the

distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, Sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew, that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and

four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However the multiplication table don't signify: let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try to say 'How doth the *little*—' " and she crossed her hands on her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:



"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pours the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, "I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying, 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say, 'Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else'—but, oh dear!" cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!"

As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. "How *can* I have done that!" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly; she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; "and now for the garden," and she ran with all her speed back to the little door; but alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so

small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been at the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears. That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was; at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

"Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk; at any rate there's no harm in trying." So she began, "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of

swimming about here. O Mouse!" (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse; she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin grammar, "A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!") The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I daresay it's a French Mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her

knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: "*Où est ma chatte?*" which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse in a shrill passionate voice. "Would you like cats if you were me?"

"Well, perhaps, not," said Alice in a soothing tone: "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's a capital one for catching mice —oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."

"We, indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. "As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats; nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't indeed!" said Alice in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?" The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things —I can't remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful

tone. "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it: "Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

A CAUCUS-RACE AND A LONG TALE

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes

it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say, "I am older than you, and must know better;" and this Alice would not allow, without knowing how old it was, and as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of some authority among them, called out, "Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I'll* soon make you dry enough!" They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse with an important air, "are you all ready? This is the dryest thing I know. Silence all around, if you please! 'William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—' "

"Ugh!" said the Lory, with a shiver.

"I beg your pardon!" said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely: "Did you speak?"

"Not I!" said the Lory, hastily.

"I thought you did," said the Mouse. "I proceed. 'Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—' "

"Found *what*?" said the Duck.

"Found *it*," the Mouse replied rather crossly: "of course you know what 'it' means."

"I know what 'it' means well enough when *I* find a thing," said the Duck: "it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?"

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, " 'Found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans'—How are you getting on now, my dear?" it continued, turning to Alice as he spoke.

"As wet as ever," said Alice in a melancholy tone: "it doesn't seem to dry me at all."

"In that case," said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, "I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies—"

"Speak English!" said the Eaglet. "I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either!" And the Eaglet bent down his head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.

"What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a caucus-race."

"What *is* a caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And as you might like to try the thing yourself,

some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said), and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out, "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, "*Everybody* has won, and all must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes, prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits (luckily the salt water had not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-piece, all round.

"But she must have a prize herself, you know," said the Mouse.

"Of course," the Dodo replied very gravely. "What else have you got in your pocket?" he went on, turning to Alice.

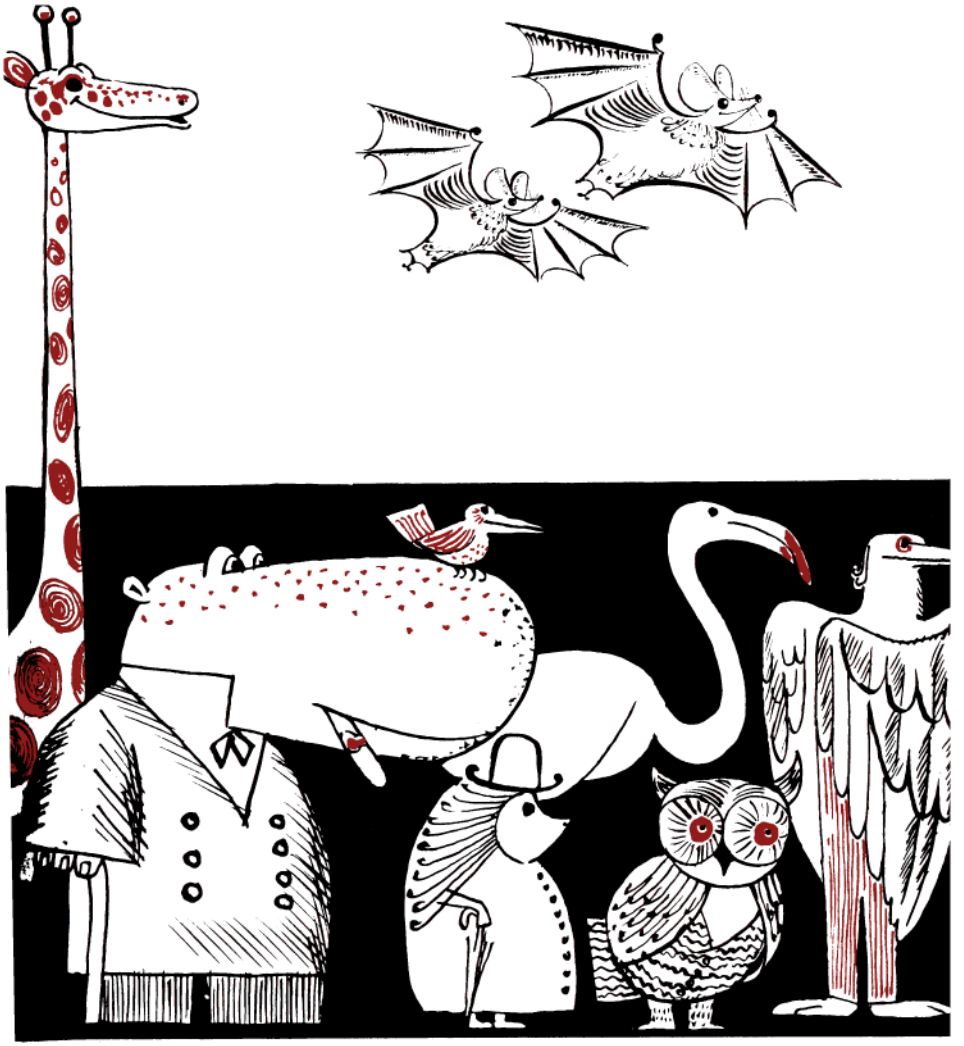
"Only a thimble," said Alice sadly.

"Hand it over here," said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying, "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble;" and, when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all

looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh, and as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.



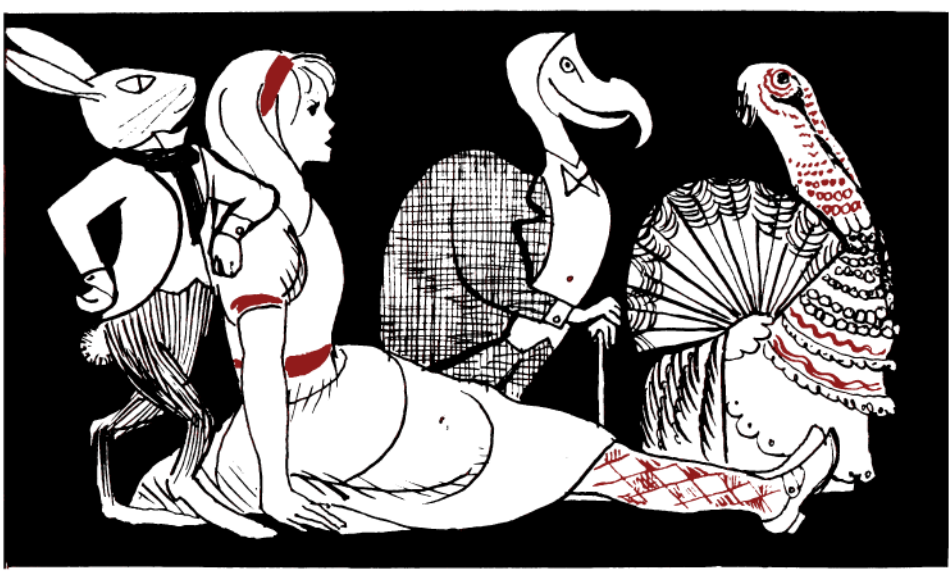
The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and

had to be patted on the back. However it was over at last, they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

"You promised to tell me your history, you know," said Alice, "and why it is you hate—C and D," she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

"It *is* a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking down



with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:

––"Fury said to
a mouse, That
he met
in the
house,
'Let us
both go
to law:
I will
prosecute
you.–
Come, I'll
take no
denial:
We must
have a
trial;
For
really
this
morning
I've
nothing
to do.'
Said the
mouse to
the cur,
'Such a
trial,
dear sir,
With no
jury or
judge,
would be
wasting
our breath.'
'I'll be
judge,
I'll be
jury.'
Said
cunning
old Fury:
'I'll try
the whole
cause,
and
condemn
you
to
death.' "

"You are not attending!" said the Mouse to Alice, severely. "What are you thinking of?"

"I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly: "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"

"I had *not*!" cried the Mouse, sharply and very angrily.

"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You insult me by talking such nonsense!"

"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Alice. "But you're so easily offended, you know!"

The Mouse only growled in reply.

"Please come back, and finish your story!" Alice called after it; and the others all joined in chorus, "Yes, please do!" but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.

"What a pity it wouldn't stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as it was quite out of sight; and an old crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter, "Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose *your* temper!" "Hold your tongue, ma!" said the young crab, a little snappishly. "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"

"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Alice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it back!"

"And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?" said the Lory.

Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet. "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home; the night air doesn't suit my throat!" and a canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.

"I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!" she said to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her, down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected; before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more—As it is, I can't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the

chimney, and said to herself, "Now I can do not more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one. There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I'll write one—but I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone, "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like *that*."

"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books!"

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether, but after a few minutes she heard a voice, outside, and stopped to listen.

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rab-

bit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it, but as the door opened inward, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honour!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of *this*!" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure it does, yer honour; but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate; go and ake it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "Sure I don't like it, yer honour, at all!"

"Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could.* I'm sure I don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cartwheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together; she made out the words, "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other—Bill! fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet—Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular—Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, I shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I won't then!—Bill's got to go down—Here, Bill! the master says you've got to go down the chimney!"

"Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal;

this fireplace is narrow, to be sure, but I *think* I can kick a little."

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her; then, saying to herself, "This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice alone, "Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices—"Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

Last came a little feeble squeaking voice ("That's Bill," thought Alice), "Well, I hardly know—no more, thank'ye,

I'm better now—but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"

"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.

"We must burn the house down!" said the Rabbit's voice and Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, "I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what*?" thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size: and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared, but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said Alice in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it, but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of

delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over, and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under his feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forward each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

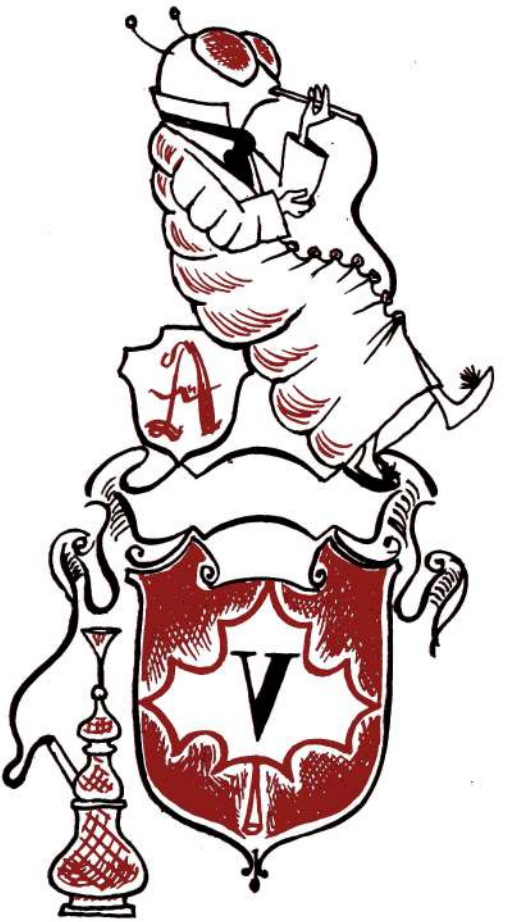
This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape, so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was," said Alice, as she leaned against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves: "I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again. Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?"

The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as

herself, and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.



ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself."

"I cannot explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

"You!" said she Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are *you*?"

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, "I think you ought to tell me who *you* are, first."

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and, as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I've tried to say 'How doth the little busy bee,' but it all came different!" Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat '*You are old, Father William,*' " said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

" '*You are old, Father William,*' *the young man said,*
'And your hair has become very white;

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

" 'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'

" 'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?'

" 'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?'

" 'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'

" 'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'

" 'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'

" 'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!' "

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

"What size do you want to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied; "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

"I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in all her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

"It is a very good height indeed!" said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought to herself, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"

"You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

"One side of *what*? The other side of *what*?" thought Alice to herself.

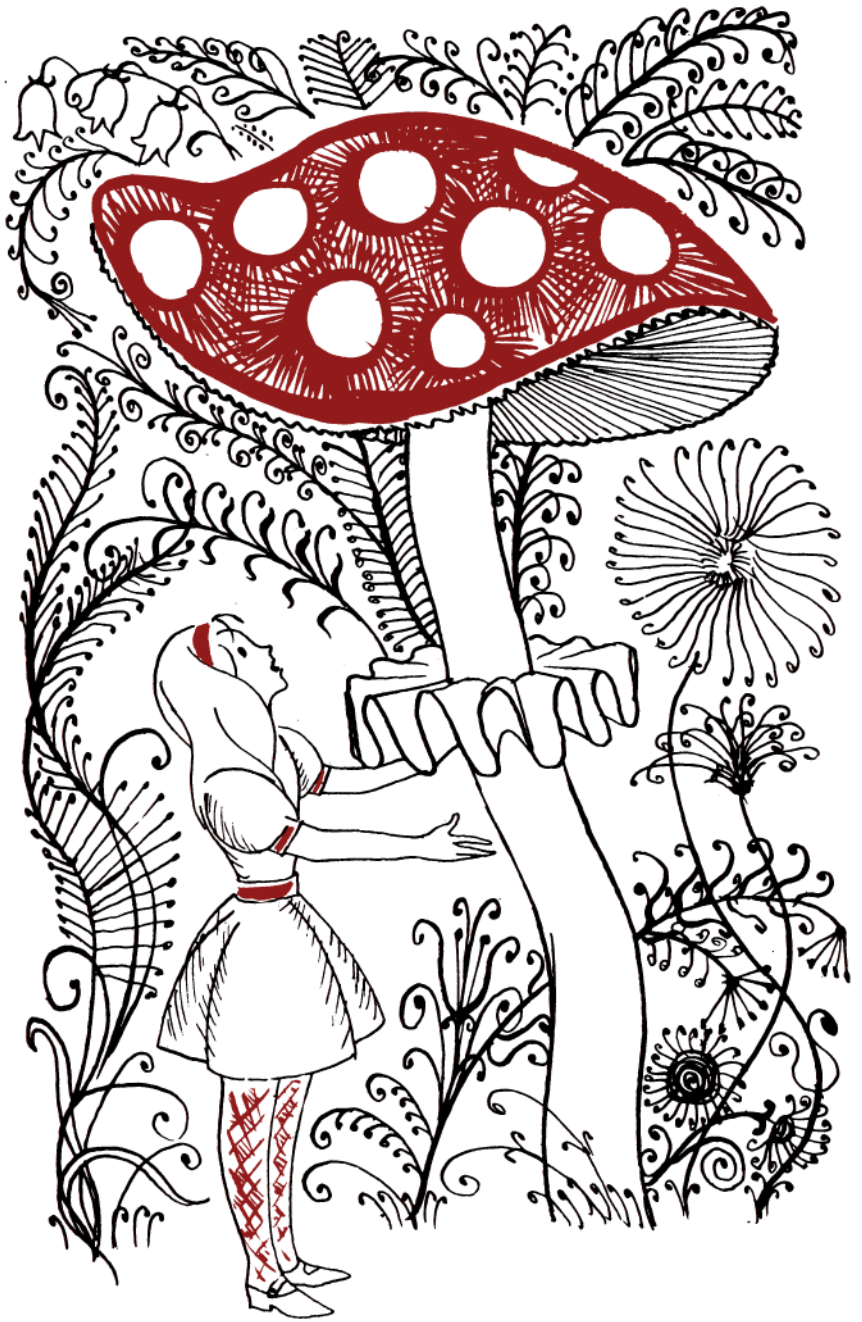
"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar just as if she asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and, as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin; it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

"Come, my head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment,



"I don't believe it," said the Pigeon; "but if they do, why then they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say."

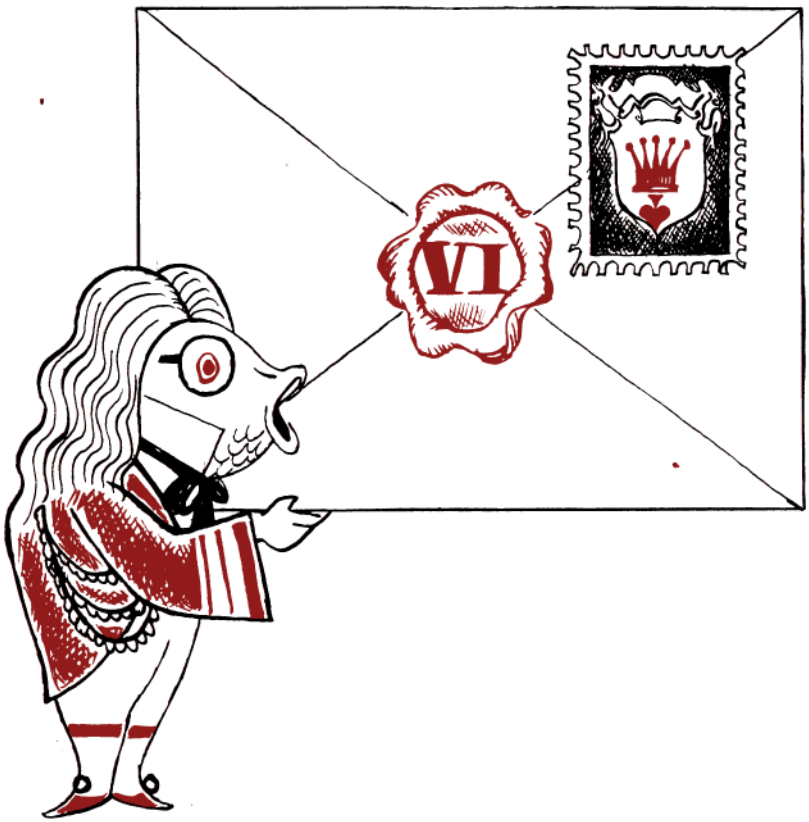
This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite silent for a minute or two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding, "You're looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?"

"It matters a good deal to *me*," said Alice hastily; "but I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want yours: I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After awhile she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.

It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first, but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got back to my right size; the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how *is* that to be done, I wonder?" As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there,"

thought Alice, "it'll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So she began nibbling at the right-hand bit again, and did not venture near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.



PIG AND PEPPER

For a minute or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood (she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish) and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face and large

eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-Footman repeated in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her, and when she next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

"There's no sort of use in knocking," said the Footman, "and that for two reasons: First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are; secondary, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you." And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

"Please, then," said Alice, "how am I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on without attending to her, "if we had the

door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know." He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herself; "his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions—How am I to get in?" she repeated, aloud.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till tomorrow—"

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"—or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in?" Alice asked again in a louder tone.

"*Are* you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know."

It was, no doubt: only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!"

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating his remark, with variations. "I shall sit here," he said, "on and off, for days and days."

"But what am I to do?" said Alice.

"Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling.

"Oh, there's no use in talking to him," said Alice desperately: "he's perfectly idiotic!" And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large caldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

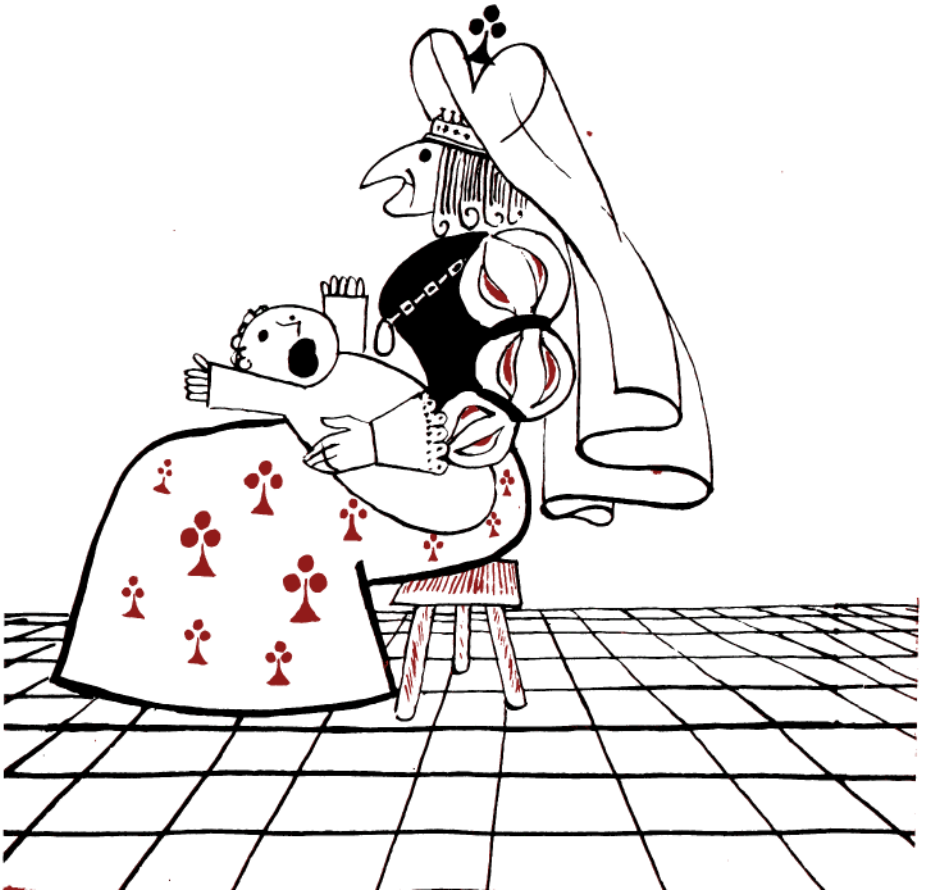
There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze,

were the cook, and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:



"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess; "and that's a fact."

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the caldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them, even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, *please* mind what you are doing!" cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!" as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

"If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

"Which would *not* be an advantage," said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. "Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—"

"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head!"

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: "Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I—"

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures." And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

CHORUS

(in which the cook and the baby joined):

"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:

"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and

she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a fryingpan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, "just like a starfish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two; wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice: "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small, for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing

sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on, "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on; "and how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-by, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen Hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

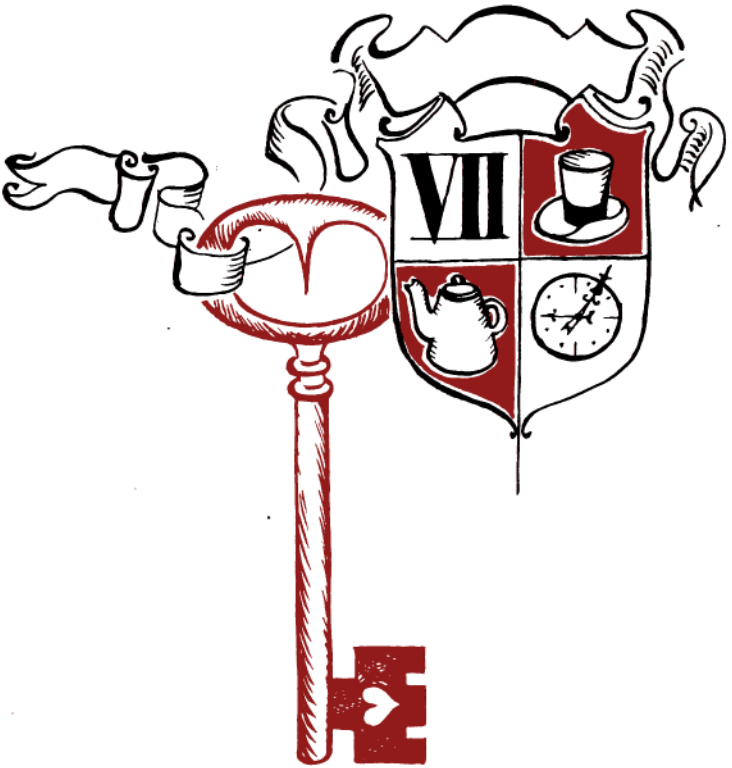
"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't

keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up toward it rather timidly, saying to herself, "Suppose it should be raving mad after all, I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead."



A MAD TEA-PARTY

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice: "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded

together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room," said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "It's very rude."

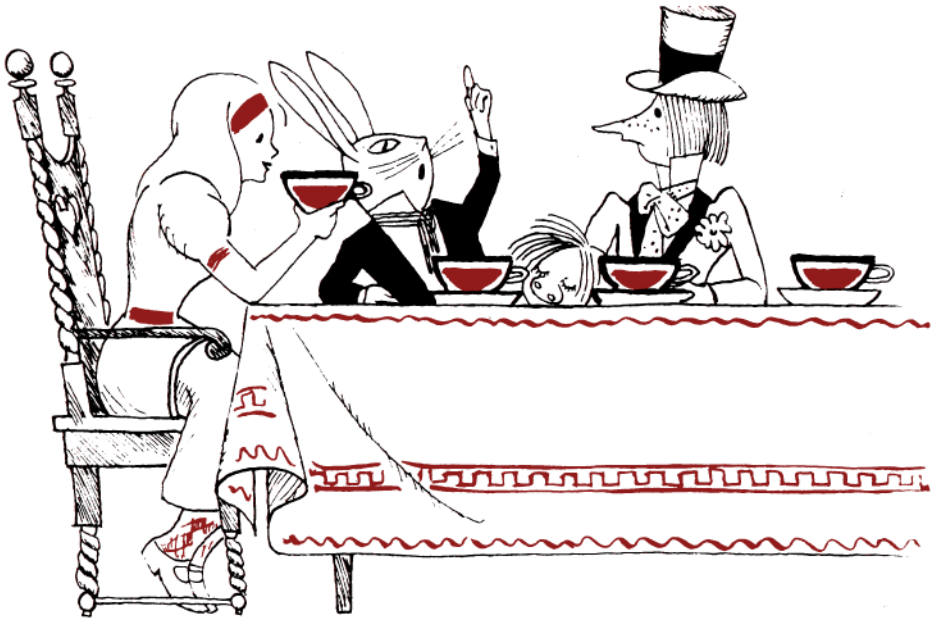
The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.



"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!' "

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!' "

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!' "

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence.

"What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

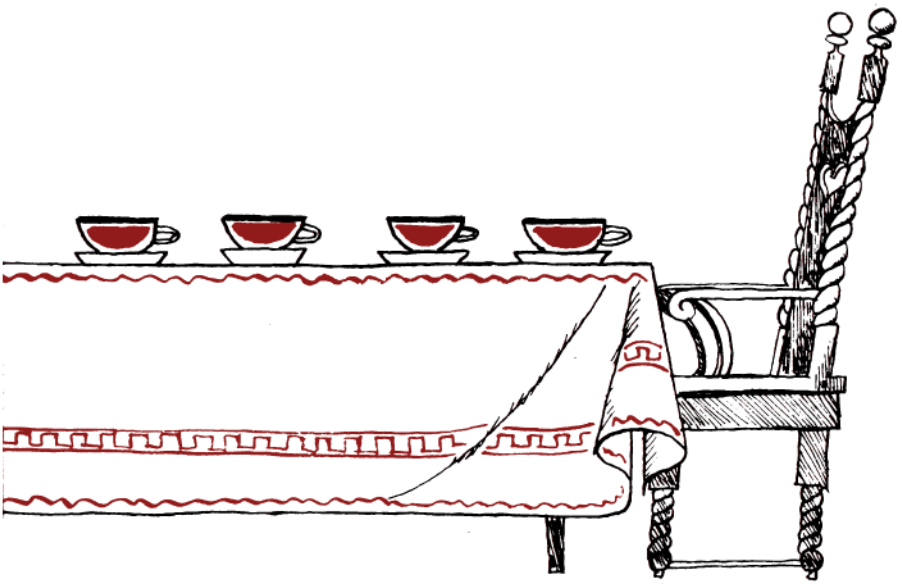
"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "it was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it," muttered the Hatter.

"Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"



"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook his head impatiently, and said, without opening his eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went

mad, you know"—(pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare)—"it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

" 'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at?'

"You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued in this way:

" 'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle——' "

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!' "

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were, Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled

her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise not to interrupt.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse—"well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "That

begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood.

"It's the stupidest tea-party I was ever at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in a long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage *then*—she found herself at last in a beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

THE QUEEN'S CROQUET-GROUND

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five in a sulky tone; "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"

"*You'd* better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded."

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, it *is* his business!" said Five, "and I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down the brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things—" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly; the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began, in a low voice, "Why, the fact is, you see, miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! the Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their

hands and feet at the corners; next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along hand in hand, in couples; they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit; it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all that grand procession, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not

to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a procession," she thought, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood where she was and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot," said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them."

"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should *I* know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming, "Off with her head! Off—"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear: she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy." And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, "What *have* you been doing here?"

"May it please your majesty," said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying—"

"I see!" said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it please your majesty!" the soldiers shouted in reply.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's—it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice: "where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tip-toe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Alice.

"Did you say, 'What a pity!' " the Rabbit asked.

"No I didn't," said Alice: "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?' "

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you! You see she came rather late, and the Queen said—"

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other: however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

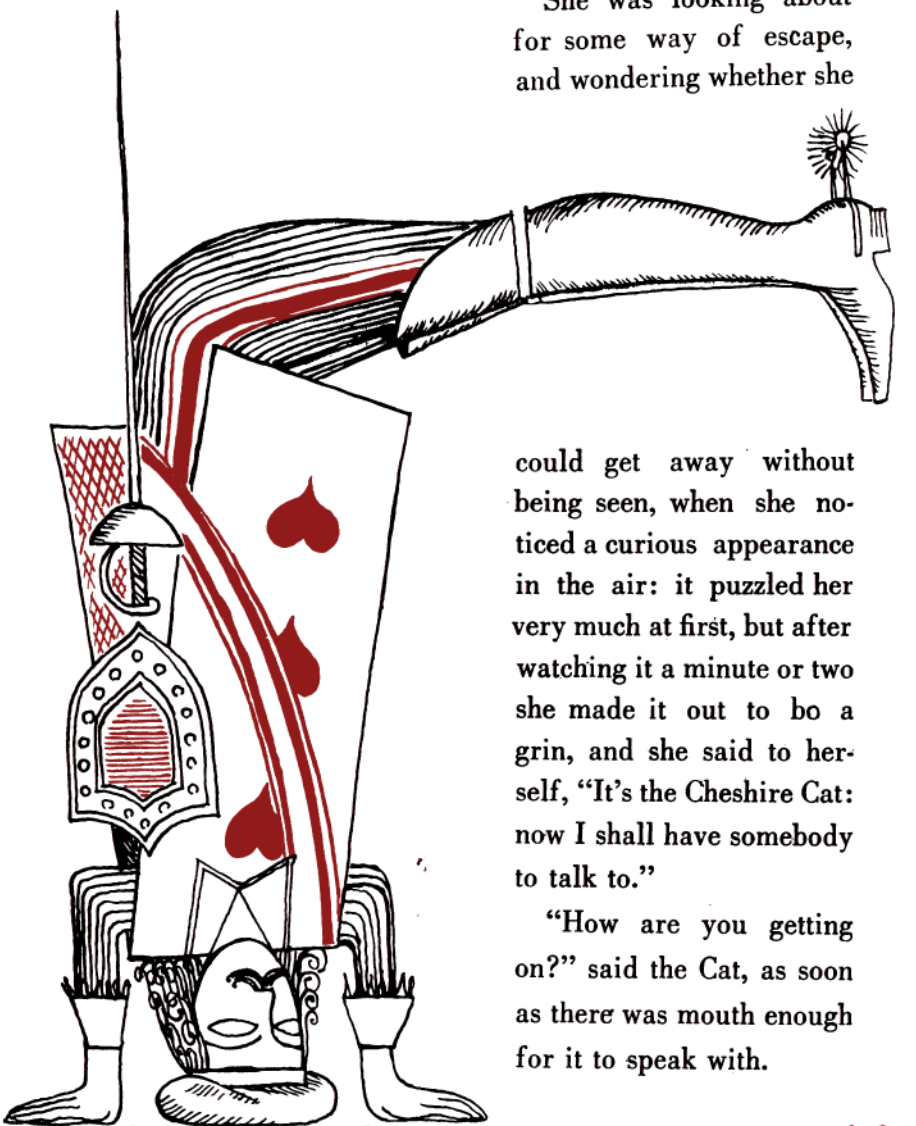
Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life: it was all ridges and furrows; the croquet-balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double them-

selves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarreling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.

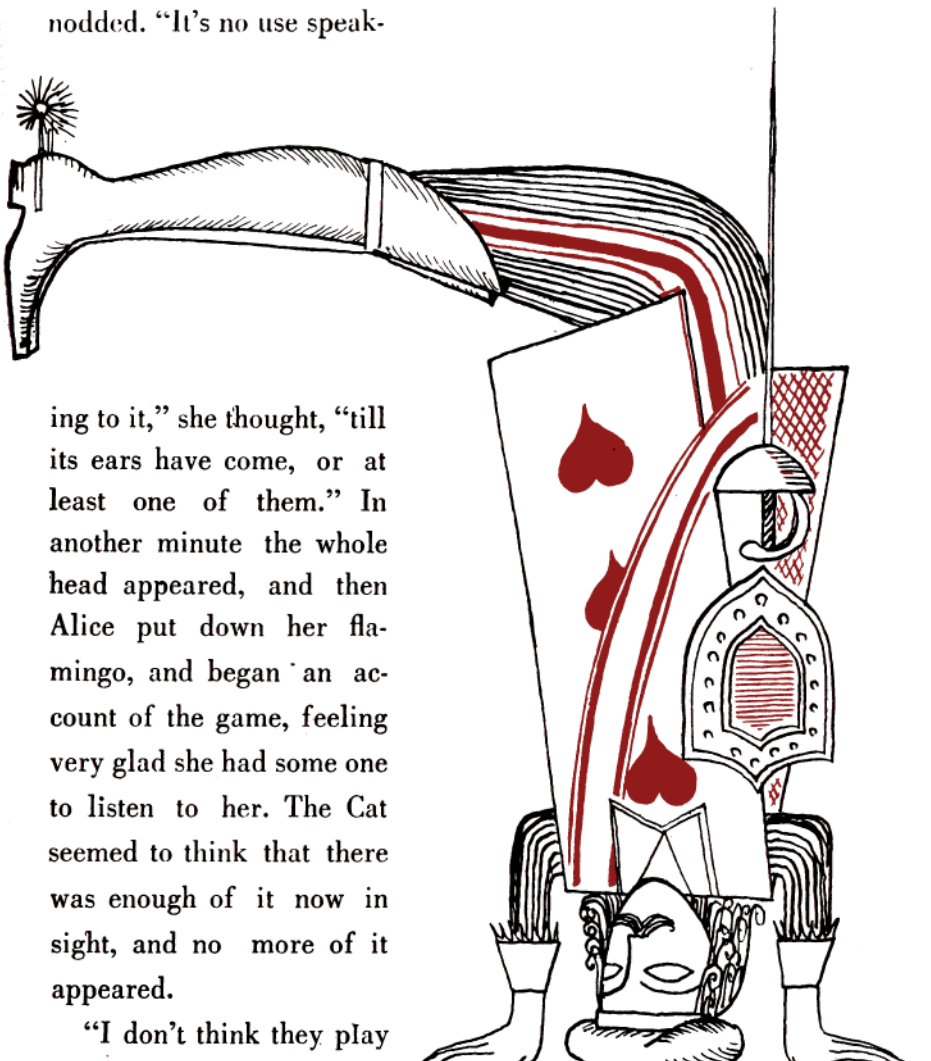
Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute, "and then," thought she, "what would become of me? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here: the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive!"



She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to bo a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.



"I don't think they play

at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear one's self speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice: "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening; so she went on, "Likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Who *are* you talking to?" said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," said Alice; "allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King; "it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King, "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

"Well, it must be removed," said the King very decidedly, and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment, "My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!"

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said without even looking round or pausing.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went off in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other; the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight; "but it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm that it might not escape again, and went back to have a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it; there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from; that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody

executed, all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)

Alice could think of nothing else to say but "It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better ask *her* about it."

"She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner: "Fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

"You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing," said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's and they walked off together.

Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen. "When *I'm* a Duchess," she said to herself (not in a very hopeful tone though), "I won't have any pepper in my kitchen *at all.* Soup does very well without. Maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered," she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, "and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew *that*; then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know—"

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it." And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.

Alice did not much like her keeping so close to her; first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly, and, secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin on Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.

"The game's going on rather better now," she said by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

" 'Tis so," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!' "

"Somebody said," Alice whispered, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

"Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added, "and the moral of *that* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.' "

"How fond she is of finding morals in things!" Alice thought to herself.

"I daresay you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," said the Duchess after a pause; "the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?"

"He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

"Very true," said the Duchess; "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.' "

"Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

"Right, as usual," said the Duchess; "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

"It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

"Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.' "

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark, "it's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess, "and the moral of that is—'Be what you would seem to be'—or, if you'd like it put more simply—'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.' "

"I think I should understand that better," Alice said very politely, "if I had it written down; but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied in a pleased tone.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that," said Alice.

"Oh, don't talk about trouble!" said the Duchess. "I make you a present of everything I've said as yet."

"A cheap sort of present!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that!" But she did not venture to say it out loud.

"Thinking again?" the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.

"I've a right to think," said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.

"Just about as much right," said the Duchess, "as pigs have to fly; and the m—"

But here, to Alice's great surprise, the Duchess' voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word 'moral,' and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in

front of them, and with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

"A fine day, your majesty!" the Duchess began in a low, weak voice.

"Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!"

The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.

"Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice, and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen's absence, and were resting in the shade: however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives. All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarreling with the other players, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!"

Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody, and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice, "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice, "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle soup is made from," said the Queen.

"I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

"Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history."

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, *that*'s a good thing!" she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered;" and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed his eyes; then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

"What is the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it: "I never was so ordered about before in all my life; never!"

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in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: "sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sighing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both

sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it—"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"

"*I've* been to a day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and *washing*—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied: "and then the different branches of

Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,' " Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully: "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, *you* are a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient

and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

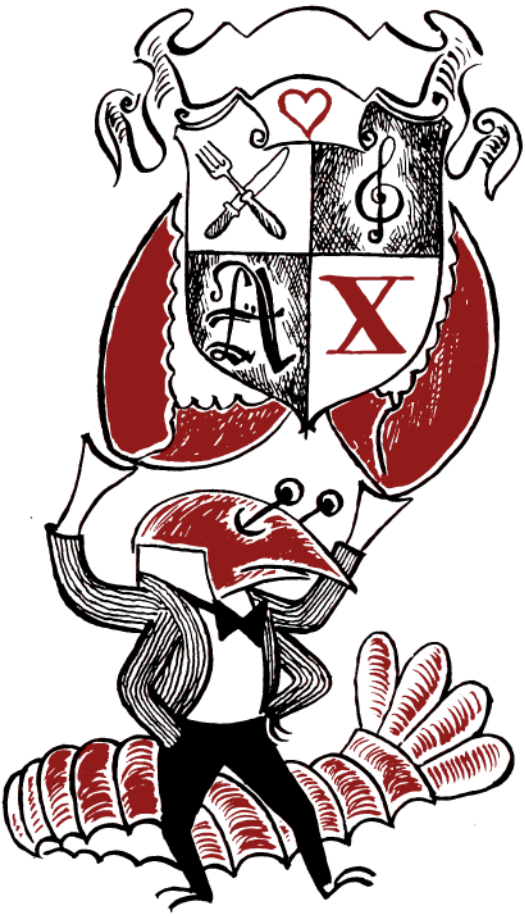
"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games now."

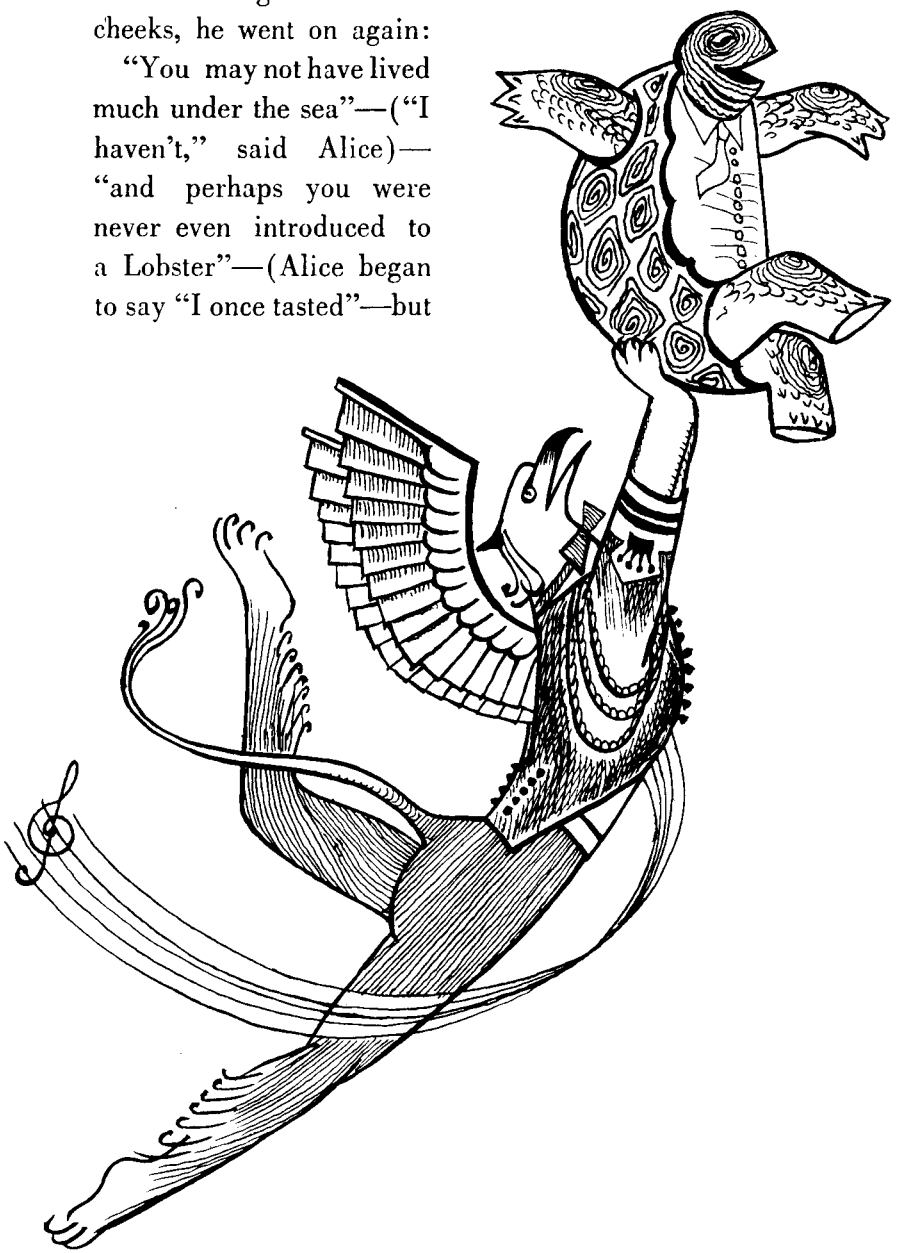


THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon, and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with

tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea"—("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a Lobster"—(Alice began to say "I once tasted"—but



checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore—"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"You advance twice—"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners—"

"Change lobsters, and retire in the same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the—"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"As far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice, and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things

all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

" 'Will you walk a little faster!' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you; will you, won't you; will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you; will you, won't you; won't you join the dance?

" 'You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!'
But the snail replied, 'Too far, too far!' and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not; would not, could not; would not join the dance.
Would not, could not; would not, could not; could not join the dance.

" 'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to France;
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you; will you, won't you; will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you; will you, won't you; won't you join the dance?"

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last; "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them, of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn—," she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle, "but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths; and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle: "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is"—here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes—"Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes,*" the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please: we don't want *you* with us!' "

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said: "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle; "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say 'With what porpoise?' "

"Don't you mean 'purpose?' " said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! the adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone: "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit; she was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating "*You are old, Father William,*" to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said, "That's very curious."

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat '*'Tis the voice of the sluggard.*' " said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice.

"I might just as well be at school at once." However,

she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:

" 'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes."
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones to the Shark;
But when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has timid and tremulous sound.

"That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, *I* never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing; she had sat down again with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted.

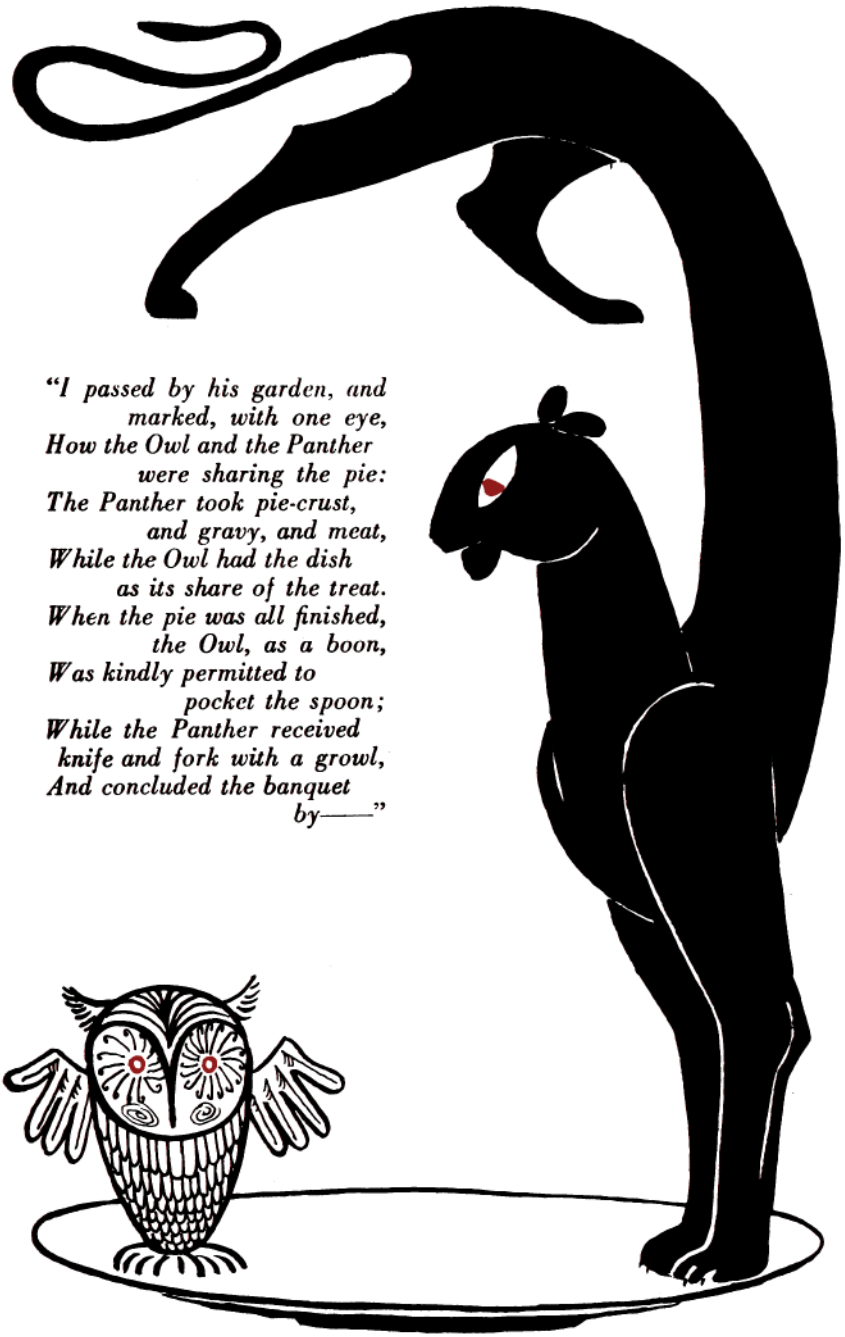
"How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but she was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently; "it begins *'I passed by his garden.'* "

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong and she went on in a trembling voice:

"I passed by his garden, and
marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther
were sharing the pie:
The Panther took pie-crust,
and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish
as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished,
the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to
pocket the spoon;
While the Panther received
knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet
by——"



"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard."

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her *'Turtle Soup,'* will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:

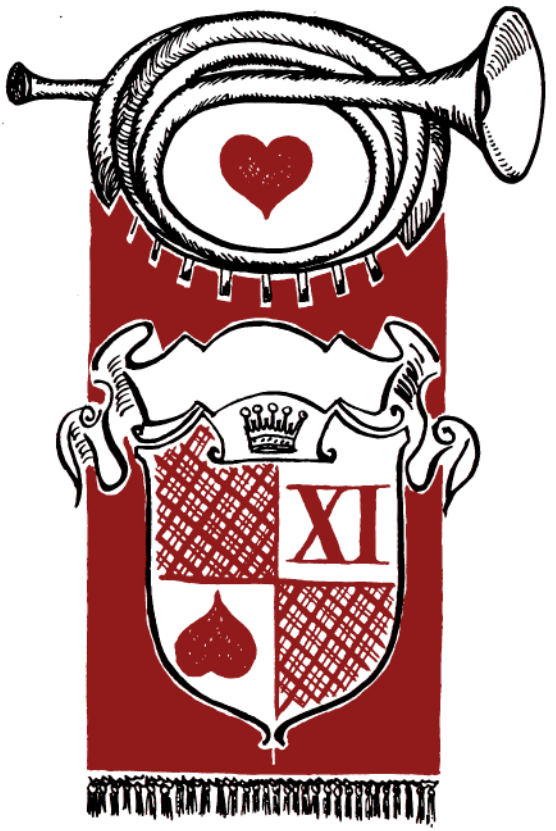
Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!
"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup?
Beau-ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau-ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus again," cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning," was heard in the distance.

"Come on," cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered "Come on," and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:

"Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"



WHO STOLE THE TARTS?

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him;

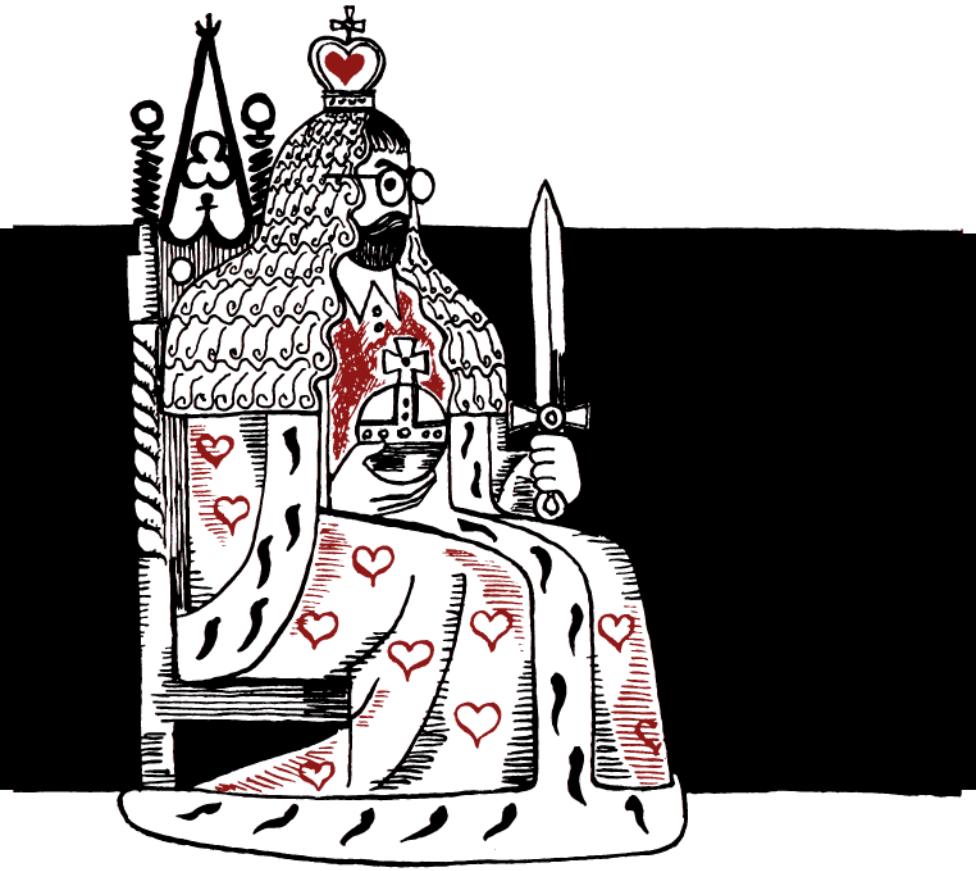
and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them—"I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments." But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King, and as he wore his crown over the wig (look at the frontispiece if you want to see how he did it), he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures" (she was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds), "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jurymen" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."



"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud indignant voice, but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the Court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he

had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This, of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it,

he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

"Call the first witness," said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, "First witness!"

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand, and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. "I beg pardon, your majesty," he began, "for bring-

ing these in: but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation: "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all; he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly: "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse; "not in that ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the

Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!" on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—"

"The twinkling of *what*?" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it," said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—" the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter—"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"That I can't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor *speaker*," said the King.

Here one of the guinea pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter: "I'm on the floor, as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finishes the guinea pigs!" thought Alice. "Now we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight be-

fore the officer could get to the door.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess' cook. She carried the pepperbox in her hand; and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Shan't," said the cook.

The king looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, "Your majesty must cross-examine *this* witness."

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes

were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse!" the Queen shrieked out. "Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness." And he added in an undertone to the Queen, "Really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like—"for they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out the name

ALICE'S EVIDENCE

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a

globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much used in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do any thing but sit with its mouth wide open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever*?" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted; "*Un*important, your majesty means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, "important—unimportant—unimportant—important—" as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some of them "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice; "besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt," said the Queen.

"It proves nothing of the sort," said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:

"They told me that you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury—"

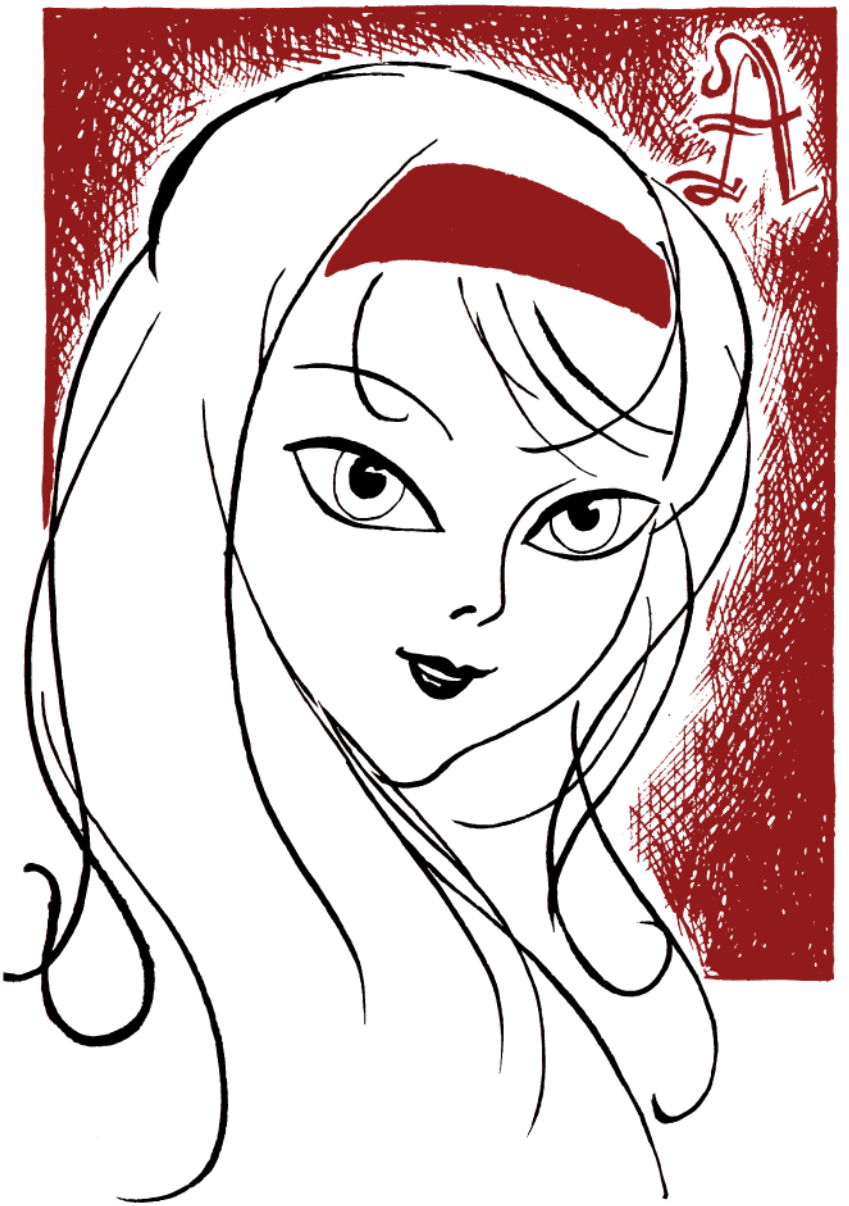
"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him), "I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates, "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all—'*said I could not swim*'—you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: " '*We know it to be true*'—that's the jury, of course—'*I gave her one, they gave him two*'—why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—"



"But it goes on *'they all returned from him to you,'* " said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that.* Then again—*'before she had this fit'*—you never had fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

"Then the words don't *fit* you," said the King looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

"It's a pun," the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed. "Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister; "why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself: once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head, to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess' knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sob of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, per-

haps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life and the happy summer days.

Комментарий

О книгах Льюиса Кэрролла «Алиса в Стране Чудес» и «Алиса в Зазеркалье» написана обширная литература. Сделаны многочисленные разнообразные попытки интерпретации и толкования этих оригинальных сказок. Так, например, одни видели в приключениях Алисы отражение религиозной борьбы в викторианской Англии, другие пытались дать книгам последовательно фрейдистское толкование и т.д. и т.д. Существует и иная точка зрения, выдвинутая известным английским писателем Джильбертом Честертоном: он призывает не относиться к «Алисе» чересчур серьезно и не увлекаться расшифровкой текста в такой мере, как это делают некоторые авторы, чьи выводы носят подчас весьма категорический характер.

С этим можно в какой-то мере согласиться. Однако шутка или острота вызывают улыбку только в том случае, если вы понимаете в чем «соль», а «соль» иногда приходится объяснять. «Алиса в Стране Чудес» представляет собой очень сложную и своеобразную фантастическую повесть, где все перевернуто, переставлено и вывернуто наизнанку. Книга была написана для английских детей, живших в середине прошлого столетия, и если мы хотим по-настоящему оценить юмор книги, ее блеск, веселое озорство и своеобразный, неповторимый аромат, то мы должны знать

многое из того, что хотя и не стало непосредственно частью повествования, но, однако, предполагалось известным как большим, так и маленьким читателям Льюиса Кэрролла. Кроме того, некоторые шутки и намеки автора могли быть понятны только жителям университетского городка Оксфорд, где он жил, а другие носили еще более интимный характер—они могли быть понятны только дочерям декана Лидделла, юным приятельницам Льюиса Кэрролла.

Не менее важно и другое обстоятельство. Многие персонажи и эпизоды книги, многие забавные реплики и ситуации не случайны, а глубоко мотивированы: они целиком построены на игре слов, на оживлении метафор, на буквальной интерпретации компонентов фразеологических сочетаний и тому подобных лингвистических «трюках». Автор проявляет необычайное мастерство и изобретательность, «жонглируя» словами, воскрешая давно забытое и стершееся от долгого употребления исходное значение слов и словосочетаний, используя полисемию и различные виды омонимии, в частности омофоны (т.е. одинаково звучащие слова и словосочетания), и добивается таким образом поистине поразительных по своей неожиданности и парадоксальности эффектов. В связи с этим необходимо подчеркнуть, что вся система образов, развитие сюжетных линий, диалоги, пародии, шутки и каламбуры в книге имеют в качестве своей основы *английскую* лексику, *английский* фольклор и *английские* литературные ассоциации. Поэтому текст нередко требует чисто лингвистического комментария.

Многое в творчестве Льюиса Кэрролла, в его оригинальной стилистической манере, связанное с английским фольклором, хорошо известно у нас в форме детских стишков и песенок—nursery rhymes. В книге — те же черты эксцентричности, неожиданные ракурсы, нарушение привычных связей; та же веселая путаница, забавные «бессмыслицы» (которые при ближайшем рассмотрении

нечастую оказываются не так уж бессмысленны); те же непонятные взаимоотношения и странные, неожиданные реакции.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water

Так начинается детский стишок, в котором рассказывается о том, как Джек и Джил шли по-воду *не под гору*, как это обычно делается, а *на гору*. Столь же необъяснимо ведут себя обитатели Страны Чудес: ими руководит какая-то своя, перевернутая логика. (Единственное разумное существо в книге — это Алиса.) Для детского фольклора очень типичен этот жанр «перевертышей (topsy-turvy rhymes), где все перепутано и находится в противоречии с реальной действительностью:

If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows...

Льюис Кэрролл, как мы увидим, интересно пользуется этим приемом: он нарушает обычную последовательность действий, меняет местами причину и следствие и т.д.

Хочется отметить еще одну характерную особенность стиля автора. «Алиса в Стране Чудес» и для Льюиса Кэрролла и для его маленьких слушательниц, а впоследствии и читателей, была своеобразной реакцией на «ограничения» чопорной, размеренной, во всем регламентированной жизни викторианской Англии, на наставления и сентиментальные нравоучения, которыми была пропитана вся система воспитания и образования. Пародия стала одним из излюбленных стилистических приемов Льюиса Кэрролла. Причудливый мир неожиданностей Страны Чудес принес радостное удовлетворение и автору и юным читателям.

Introduction

К стр. 33

В поэтическом введении автор описывает обстоятельства, при которых была создана книга *Alice in Wonderland*, названная в первой своей редакции *Alice's Adventures Underground*.

All in the golden afternoon — Дата описываемой здесь лодочной прогулки по реке Айсис, притоку Темзы, — 4-е июля 1862 года. Льюису Кэрроллу было тогда тридцать лет. Его друг Робинсон Дакуорт (Robinson Duckworth), преподаватель одного из колледжей Оксфордского университета, и три девочки, дочери декана Лидделла, — таков был состав участников. Они проплыли на лодке около 3-х миль от Folly Bridge близ Оксфорда, университетского городка, где они все жили, до деревни Godstow. «Там мы пили чай на берегу»,—пишет Льюис Кэрролл в своем дневнике,—«и привезли девочек домой около 9 часов вечера. В тот день я рассказал им сказку о приключениях Алисы под землей».

Когда участники прогулки подошли к дому, где жили девочки Лидделл, десятилетняя Алиса обратилась к Льюису Кэрроллу с просьбой записать то, что он им рассказал. В ту ночь Льюис Кэрролл просидел почти до утра, записывая в зеленой тетради каллиграфическим почерком приключения Алисы, стихи и песенки и иллюстрируя их по ходу действия. Однако закончить сказку в ту ночь ему не удалось. Известно, что на следующий день автор взял в библиотеке книгу по естественной истории, чтобы изобразить более точно животных и птиц, с которыми Алиса встретилась в Стране Чудес. Но Льюис Кэрролл еще долго работал над своим первым литературным произведением. Он преподнес Алисе книгу только на рождество с надписью "Christmas Greetings to a Dear Child". Это и был первый вариант «Алисы».

Итак, просьба Алисы, обращенная к Льюису Кэрроллу, послужила толчком к написанию книги. Сам автор считал, что именно ей он обязан тем, что стал писателем.

Ah, cruel Three — Так обращается Льюис Кэрролл к своим маленьким спутницам.

Prima (*лат.*) — Первая, старшая девочка, тринадцатилетняя Лорина Шарлотта (Lorena Charlotte).

Secunda (*лат.*) — Вторая, любимица Льюиса Кэрролла, десятилетняя Алиса Плезанс (Alice Pleasance). Она выражает надежду, что There will be nonsense in it, подразумевая под словом nonsense небылицы, забавную чепуху, противопоставляемые скучному «здравому смыслу». (Ср. *A Book of Nonsense*. Edward Lear; его же *Nonsense Alphabet* и др.)

Tertia (*лат.*) — Третья, младшая из девочек, Эдит (Edith), восьми лет. Судя по отзывам современников и по групповому портрету сестер Лидделл Вильяма Блэйка Ричмонда (William Blake Richmond), написанного в 1864 году, девочки были поистине очаровательны, особенно Алиса.

К стр. 34

That weary one — Так говорит о себе Льюис Кэрролл, утомленный настойчивостью своих маленьких приятельниц.

The dream-child moving through a land of wonders wild and new... — Речь идет о фантастических приключениях Алисы (the dream-child).

Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers — Первые пилигримы имели обыкновение украшать свое чело венками из цветов, как об этом свидетельствует Чосер в «Кентерберийских рассказах» (Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340-1400, *Canterbury Tales*).

Chapter I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

К стр. 36

nothing so *very* remarkable — Автор часто пользуется графическими приемами (в данном случае курсивом) для передачи эмфазы. См. дальше на этой же странице *took a watch out of his waistcoat-pocket...* Курсив передает совершенную невероятность того, что увидела Алиса, и впечатление, которое это на нее произвело.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! — Восклицание, выражающее огорчение, удивление, испуг, сожаление.

К стр. 37

burning with curiosity — сгорая от любопытства. Автор неоднократно подчеркивает пытливость и любознательность Алисы, ее жадный интерес ко всему. (Ср. стр. 69 "I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet — and yet — *it's rather curious*, you know, this sort of life; ниже "She *felt very curious* to *know* what it was all about" и т.д.). Много лет спустя в статье *Alice on the Stage* Льюис Кэрролл отмечал эту черту характера своей маленькой героини.

К стр. 38

"Orange Marmalade" — Не следует удивляться тому, что Алиса во время своего падения обнаружила, увы, пустую банку из-под апельсинового джема, который она обычно ела за завтраком. Льюис Кэрролл очень тонко пользуется приемом достоверной детали, переплетая фантастические приключения Алисы с реалистическими подробностями из ее «прежней земной жизни».

I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs — Теперь падать с лестницы будет для меня сущим пустяком.

"...I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house." (Which was very likely true.) — «... да я бы и слова не сказала, даже если бы свалилась с крыши дома»,—говорит Алиса. Что было весьма похоже на правду — комментирует автор. Юмористический эффект авторской ремарки основан на стилистическом приеме разложения фразеологического сочетания wouldn't say anything about it при помощи реализации основного прямого значения компонента сочетания, глагола to say. Автор полагает, что если бы Алиса свалилась с крыши, то сказать что-нибудь об этом она бы уж вряд ли смогла.

К стр. 39

four thousand miles down — Радиус земли составляет 6.370 километров или 4.000 миль (английская миля равна 1.609 метрам).

to show off her knowledge — показать, какая она образованная, порисоваться своими знаниями

К стр. 40

The Antipathies [æn'tɪpəθɪz] — антипатии. Алиса имеет в виду похожее по произношению слово antipodes [æn'tɪpədi:z], антиподы — жители противоположных полушарий. Попав в Страну Чудес, Алиса постепенно начинает забывать то, чему ее учили в школе.

Эпизод с падением Алисы и ее рассуждения по этому поводу отражают распространенный во времена Льюиса Кэрролла интерес к вопросу о том, что происходило бы при свободном падении тела в тоннель, проходящий через центр земного шара. Это занимало ученых еще в глубокой древности. Правильный ответ на него дал Галилей, который пришел к выводу, что тело будет падать с возрастающей скоростью и уменьшающимся ускорением, пока не достигнет центра земного шара, где ускорение

будет равно нулю, а затем будет продолжать движение в силу инерции с убывающей скоростью и возрастающим отрицательным ускорением, пока не достигнет отверстия на противоположной стороне земного шара, после чего начнется обратное падение. В идеальных условиях (при отсутствии сопротивления воздуха) тело двигалось бы вечно, подобно маятнику. Однако наличие трения в воздушной среде привело бы к тому, что в конце концов падающее тело остановилось бы в центре земного шара. Эта проблема нашла свое отражение и в другом произведении Льюиса Кэрролла «Сильвия и Бруно», где немецкий профессор предлагает использовать действие земного притяжения в качестве единственной силы для движения поездов по тоннелю.

Dinah ['daɪnə] — Дина, так звали кошку, принадлежащую сестрам Лидделл. С ней и ее котятами мы снова встретимся в I-ой главе книги «Алиса в Зазеркалье».

К стр. 41

down she came upon a heap of sticks... *и ниже* **away went Alice like the wind** — В обоих случаях автор употребляет эмфатическую инверсию, чтобы подчеркнуть в первом случае конец ее падения, во втором стремительность ее бега.

Oh, my ears and whiskers (*воскл., выражающее удивление, досаду*) — Вот так так! Подумать только! Обычно: Oh, my eye! Это тоже своего рода оживление стершейся метафоры путем подстановки.

... it would not open any of them — ...ни одна из дверей этим ключиком не отпиралась. Would — здесь модальный глагол, выражающий волю, настойчивое желание; он несколько модифицируется в применении к неодушевленным предметам, приобретает оттенок упорства сопротивления; в этом значении модальный глагол would обычно употребляется в отрицательной форме.

К стр. 42

...she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of the dark hall and wander about those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains... — Когда в 1855 г., т.е. за семь лет до создания «Алисы», Льюис Кэрролл стал помощником библиотекаря колледжа Крайст-черч в Оксфорде, ему была отведена маленькая комната около зала, окна которого выходили в сад декана Лидделла. Там внизу, на шелковистой траве, под великолепными развесистыми деревьями играли девочки Лидделл. Наблюдавшего их через окно Льюиса Кэрролла, одинокого и застенчивого, неудержимо влекло в этот сад, напоминавший ему, возможно, также и сад его детства, где он гулял со своими младшими братьями и сестрами.

К стр. 43

It was all very well to say — легко сказать

they *would* not remember — они не желали помнить (would — здесь модальный глагол, выражающий настойчивое желание)

К стр. 44

If you drink *much* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) **from a bottle marked "poison"; it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later...** — Если вы много отопьете из бутылки, на которой написано «яд», то это почти наверняка рано или поздно расстроит вам желудок (принесет вам вред). Юмористический эффект Алисиных слов основан на стилистическом приеме приуменьшения (understatement). Алиса механически повторяет неоднократно слышанные ею наставления, используя «взрослую» фразеологию (it is certain to disagree with you), не вдумываясь в стертое от частого употребления значение слова (ведь если выпить much poison, то тут уж дело пахнет не расстройством желудка).

custard — взбитые яйца с молоком и сахаром, запеченные в духовке; блюдо, которое охотно сдят английские дети

К стр. 45

Come! — Ну! (воскл., выражающее приказ, упрек, ободрение, напр.: Come, don't be silly. — Ну, не глупи.)

beautifully marked in currants — красиво выложены коринкой

Chapter II

The Pool of Tears

К стр. 46

curiouser — неправильная форма сравнительной степени прилагательного curious. Дети часто употребляют эти формы неправильно, по аналогии с односложными словами.

К стр. 47

They must go by the carrier. — Их (ботинки) надо будет посылать через посыльного.

Esq. *(сокр.)* = Esquire, ставится после имени и фамилии, когда пишется адрес на письме (в том случае, если адресат не имеет титула), обычно сокращенно; напр., D.H. Brown, Esq. (в отличие от сокращения Mr., которое ставится перед именем и фамилией, напр., Mr. D.H. Brown)

more than nine feet high — это рост великана; рост высокого мужчины 6 футов с небольшим (фут = 30,5 см)

You ought to be ashamed of yourself — Автор неоднократно подчеркивает любопытную способность Алисы к раздвоению личности (см. выше стр. 45). Он наделяет свою героиню чертой, характерной для самого автора: ведь в нем самом одновременно уживались два совершенно разных человека (подробнее см. ниже ком. к стр. 48).

"... a great girl like you," (she might well say this) — Игра слов здесь построена на двояком значении слова great: 1. большая (т.е. взрослая) и 2. большая ростом (высокая).

К стр. 48

Won't she be savage — Вот-то она рассвирепеет

If you please — вежливая, несколько официальная формула обращения при просьбе, где "please" еще сохраняет свое основное значение «желать», «ничего не иметь против». (Ср. Do as you please. — Поступайте как вам угодно.)

The Rabbit started violently, dropped the ... gloves ... — Все поведение кролика свидетельствует о том, что он робок и пуглив. В одной из своих статей, которую мы уже упоминали выше *(Alice on the Stage)*, Льюис Кэрролл писал о том, что Белый Кролик был задуман как контрастный образ. Алиса — воплощение юности, смелости, энергии, целеустремленности, тогда как Кролик — пожилой, слабый, робкий и пугливый; он отличается нервной суетливостью; у него дребезжит голос и дрожат колени.

Вместе с тем следует отметить, что некоторые исследователи творчества Льюиса Кэрролла, возможно не без основания, считают, что в Белом Кролике автор изобразил себя. Не следует забывать, что Льюис Кэрролл был человеком одиноким, болезненно застенчивым и легко ранимым; он был заикой и левшой и, следовательно, постоянно ощущал, что что-то у него «не так, как у всех». Известно, что взрослые стесняли его, в их присутствии он страдал от сознания своей «неполноценности» и по-настоящему свободно и непринужденно чувствовал себя только в обществе детей. Зато лучшими своими чертами он наделил Алису, это единственно разумное существо в Стране, где все безумны. Так реализуется в книге, сознательно или бессознательно, раздвоение личности Льюиса Кэрролла.

Эта точка зрения, как нам кажется, заслуживает внимания, тем более что она находит неожиданное подтверждение в любопытном свидетельстве юной приятельницы автора Изы Баумэн (маленькой актрисы, исполнявшей роль Алисы в инсценировке сказки). Она рассказывает о том, как однажды «Чарльз Доджсон настиг Льюиса Кэрролла». Вот как это произошло: как-то во время прогулки, когда автор «Алисы» водил Изу за руку по лужайкам возле Крайст-черч и весело болтал с ней, они неожиданно столкнулись с одним преподавателем колледжа, и Льюис Кэрролл мгновенно исчез, а его место занял Чарльз Доджсон, нервный, озабоченный, заикающийся, которого она понимала с трудом; таким он и остался до конца прогулки.

Such a very little *(непр.)* = So very little (от волнения и расстройства Алиса иногда забывает грамматику. Ср. ком. к стр. 46).

К стр. 49

I shall never get to twenty at that rate — Легко объяснить, почему Алиса опасается, что она никогда не дойдет до 20: в английских учебниках арифметики таблица умножения обычно кончается на 12 (ведь там принято считать на дюжины); и если продолжать считать по методу Алисы ($4\times5=12$; $4\times6=13$ и т.д.), то выходит, что $4\times12=19$, т.е. меньше 20. Мы уже отмечали, что Алиса вдруг забывает то, чему ее учили в школе. Вернее не столько забывает — ведь она все время мысленно возвращается к приобретенным ею в школе знаниям — сколько вспоминает их в каком-то странном, иногда преображенном почти до неузнаваемости виде.

the multiplication table don't signify — Таблица умножения еще ничего не доказывает. У Алисы, как это нередко бывает у детей, есть пристрастие к книжным словам и оборотам, которые она еще не совсем твердо усвоила и

подчас неправильно употребляет, как в данном случае, допуская ошибки в согласовании (надо: It doesn't signify.).

How doth the little crocodile — Doth — архаичная форма 3 л. ед.ч. глагола to do. Большинство стихов в книге — пародии на хорошо известные современникам Льюиса Кэрролла стихи и популярные песенки. Многие из них теперь забыты или же известны только потому, что их пародировал Льюис Кэрролл. Мы будем полностью приводить в комментарии текст оригиналов, так как в противном случае трудно будет оценить весь юмор его стихов. В данном случае перед нами пародия на известное стихотворение Исаака Уоттса (Isaac Watts, 1674—1748), английского теолога и автора распространенных гимнов, *Against Idleness and Mischief* из книги *Divine Songs for Children*, вышедшей в 1715 году. Автор пародирует первые две строфы стихотворения, которое мы тем не менее приводим полностью, так как именно последние строфы пропитаны сентиментальной добродетелью и прописными истинами, над которыми он весело издевается.

Здесь необходимо еще раз подчеркнуть, что, попав в Страну Чудес, Алиса претерпевает не только физические изменения. Вот почему она путает европейские столицы, а вместо сентиментального стихотворения о трудолюбивой пчелке, она к ужасу своему, декламирует умиленное стихотворение о кровожадном маленьком крокодильчике, где использованы так хорошо знакомые ей слова (improve, shining, neat, spread) и размер.

Вот это стихотворение:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books or work; or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

К стр. 50

next to no toys to play with — почти никаких игрушек (ср. **next to nothing** — почти ничего)

now for the garden — ну, а теперь бегом в сад

К стр. 51

too bad *(разг.)* — очень жаль

that it is — это уж точно

bathing machines — Речь идет о небольших кабинах на колесах, запряженных лошадьми. Лошади втаскивали их в воду на желаемую глубину, и затем купающийся выходил через дверь, обращенную к морю. Огромный зонт позади кабины скрывал купальщика от взоров людей на берегу. Стоящие на берегу кабины служили для переодевания. Это своеобразное сооружение викторианской эпохи было изобретено около 1850 г. одним квакером (Benjamin Beal), жившим в Маргейте (курорт в Кенте), и впервые появилось на пляже в Маргейте, а затем и в других местах. Ироническое отношение автора к этому изобретению нашло свое отражение в его поэме *The Hunting of the*

Snark (snark — производное от snake и shark). Перечисляя пять отличительных признаков, по которым можно распознать a genuine snark, он пишет:

The forth is its fondness for bathing-machines,
Which it constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes —
A sentiment open to doubt.

O Mouse — Перевод на английский язык существующего в латинской грамматике звательного падежа (O mouse). Льюис Кэрролл неоднократно подчеркивает живой ум Алисы, ее наблюдательность, любознательность и сообразительность. Она интересовалась всем и естественно заглядывала в книги своего брата, в том числе и в латинскую грамматику. Она запомнила странную форму O mouse, которую она там вычитала и решила, что данная ситуация как нельзя более подходит для того, чтобы ее употребить.

К стр. 52

William the Conqueror — Вильгельм I Завоеватель, герцог Нормандии (1027-1087), вторгся со своими войсками в пределы Англии и в 1066 г. одержал знаменитую победу при Гастингсе. Был английским королем с 1066 по 1087 гг. С приходом норманнов французский язык (его северный нормандский диалект) стал официальным языком Англии, на нем говорили в течение двух веков при дворе английского короля, в судах, в государственных учреждениях и т.д.

К стр. 53

Où est ma chatte? *(фр.)* — Где моя кошечка?

...she's a capital one for catching mice — ... она здорово ловит мышей. Интересно отметить, что Алиса неоднократно вспоминает свою кошку Дину, единственное су-

щество из прошлого, о котором она говорит с нежностью. (См. ком. к стр. 40.)

if you'd rather not — если вы предпочитаете этого не делать

К стр. 54

Don't let me hear the name again. — Чтобы я больше не слышала этого имени.

К стр. 55

Duck — Имеется в виду каноник Duckworth, друг Льюиса Кэрролла, сопровождавший его и девочек во время речной прогулки.

Dodo — дронт, нелетающая птица из семейства голубиных, жившая на острове Маврикий (один из Маскаренских островов в Индийском океане, к востоку от Мадагаскара); вымерла около 200 лет тому назад, так что в прошлом столетии было в ходу выражение dead as a dodo. Dodo — это сам Льюис Кэрролл. Когда он заикался, то произносил свое имя Do-Do-Dodgson. По-видимому нет никаких других оснований, кроме чисто фонетических для того, чтобы Льюис Кэрролл называл себя Dodo (название птицы происходит от португальского слова dodo — глупец). Любопытно, что когда биография Льюиса Кэрролла была включена в Британскую энциклопедию (Encyclopaedia Britannica), то она оказалась рядом со статьей о Dodo.

Lory — Австралийский попугай; имеется в виду Lorena (Lorie) Liddell.

Eaglet — Орленок; имеется в виду Edith Liddell.

several other curious creatures — Странные существа в этой главе — это участники эпизода, описанного в дневнике Льюиса Кэрролла 17 июня 1862 года. В этот день он пригласил своих сестер Fanny и Elisabeth и тетку — aunt Lucie Lutwidge (это и есть other curious creatures) —

на лодочную прогулку. По дороге домой их настиг такой сильный дождь, что им пришлось вылезти из лодки и итти пешком. В результате, они промокли до нитки. В первоначальном варианте книги *Alice's Adventures Underground* имеется много забавных подробностей этого приключения, которые Льюис Кэрролл в дальнейшем опустил, считая, что они представляют интерес только для его участников. Когда книга вышла из печати, он послал один экземпляр Дакуорту с надписью "The Duck from the Dodo."

Chapter III

A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

К стр. 56

caucus-race — Термин "caucus" возник в США. Так называлось закрытое собрание лидеров партии, которое созывалось для того, чтобы назвать кандидата или наметить политический курс. Этот термин был заимствован англичанами для обозначения системы четкой партийной организации посредством комитетов (a system of highly disciplined party organisation by committees). При этом одна партия обычно употребляла этот термин как презрительную кличку для организации другой партии. По-видимому "caucus-race" у Льюиса Кэрролла символизирует суетню и «беготню по кругу» членов комитета, которая хотя и никуда не приводит, но создает видимость деятельности, причем каждый пытается при этом извлечь для себя выгоду.

К стр. 57

"William the Conqueror, whose cause..." — Редактор дневников Льюиса Кэрролла, Роджер Лэнселин Грин (Roger Lancelyn Green), установил, что речь Мыши, как это ни невероятно, является дословной цитатой из краткого курса истории Хэвилланда Чепмелла (Havilland

Chepmell, *Short Course of History*, 1862, pp. 143-144). О том, как нормальные дети воспринимали подобную «школьную премудрость», которой их неуклонно начиняли, можно судить по реакции Лори (*"Ugh!"* said the Lory, *with a shiver*. (курсив наш — Л.Г.)

I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies — Я вношу предложение отложить собрание, дабы применить более энергичные (действенные) средства лечения. Здесь автор пародирует архаичный стиль речи и высмеивает застывшие формулы, принятые при ведении официальных заседаний, собраний и т.д. мало понятные для непосвященных (недаром ниже Орленок восклицает: "Speak English!"). Льюис Кэрролл обыгрывает при этом фразеологическое сочетание to adopt a resolution, заменяя второй компонент сочетания контекстуально мотивированным словом remedies. Необходимость применения more energetic remedies не вызывает сомнения, так как Алиса, цитируя ее же слова, осталась as wet as ever.

Вся эта сцена построена на каламбуре и написана необыкновенно тонко. Если ее перечитать, то становится ясным, что слова Мыши *"I'll* soon make you dry enough!" (стр. 57) — метафора; они звучат не столько обещанием, сколько угрозой; весь отрывок построен на обыгрывании основного и переносного значений сочетания to make dry: 1. засушить и 2. высушить.

Похожий каламбур лежит в основе эпизода, рассказанного племянником Льюиса Кэрролла: возвращаясь как-то со своим дядей домой из церкви, они встретили проповедника. Так как шел дождь, то Льюис Кэрролл предложил ему зонт, от которого тот отказался, заявив: "I don't mind getting wet. In fact I like getting wet." На что Льюис Кэрролл ответил: "You were dry enough in the pulpit." (См. Langford Reed *The Life of Lewis Carroll.)*

not that she much wanted to know... — не то, чтобы

это особенно ее интересовало... Здесь, как и в ряде других случаев, автор подчеркивает необыкновенную деликатность и вежливость Алисы, которая больше всего боится кого-нибудь обидеть. «Она учтива со всеми, — писал о ней Льюис Кэрролл, — высокими и низкими, великими и простыми».

К стр. 60

We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble — Просим вас соблаговолить принять этот изящный наперсток. Как и на стр. 57, Льюис Кэрролл в этих словах высмеивает напыщенный, казенный стиль речи. Само награждение также является пародией на бессмысленные церемонии: ведь Алису торжественно награждают ее же собственным наперстком.

К стр. 62

C and D — начальные буквы слов Cats и Dogs

It *is* a long tail — здесь автор использует одновременно два приема: 1. игру слов, построенную на омонимии слов tale (рассказ) и tail (хвост), которые оба произносятся [teil]; 2. эмблемный или фигурный стих; рассказ Мыши — это широко известный в английской литературе пример стиха, напечатанного таким образом, чтобы по своему внешнему виду походить на то, что составляет его содержание. Эмблемный стих был известен еще в древней Греции. Ряд видных поэтов писали в такой манере (Джордж Герберт, Дилан Томас, Стефан Малларме и др.).

Самая идея расположения слов с целью зрительно передать мысль, лежащую в основе произведения, часто используется и в наше время в рекламе, при оформлении обложки книг и т.д.

Однажды английский поэт Теннисон рассказал Льюису Кэрроллу, что ему приснилась поэма о феях, которая

начиналась с очень длинных, постепенно сужавшихся строк и заканчивалась 50-60 строчками, состоявшими всего из 2-х слогов каждая. Существует предположение, что именно этот разговор навел Льюиса Кэрролла на мысль о том, чтобы написать рассказ Мыши в форме хвоста.

К стр. 63

По идее рассказ Мыши перекликается с судебным процессом, описанным в XI и XII главах книги. Выдвинутая мотивировка We must have the trial *for really this morning I've nothing to do* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) и слова I'll be judge, I'll be jury наглядно иллюстрируют произвол в судопроизводстве и бесправие того, кому суждено предстать перед судом, где все уже предрешено и никакие разумные доводы не принимаются во внимание.

Fury — Очевидно собачья кличка. Она несомненно метафорична.

К стр. 64

the fifth bend — пятый изгиб (хвоста)

knot [nɔt] — Игра слов, построенная на одинаковом произношении слов knot (узел) и not (отрицание); и ниже undo — do nothing — каламбур строится на разложении глагола undo, который таким образом превращается как бы в синоним сочетания do nothing.

You're enough to try the patience of an oyster! — Ты и устрицу способна вывести из терпения. Намек на выражение close as an oyster — нем как рыба.

К стр. 65

Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it! — Да она съедает маленькую птичку в мгновение ока!

half hoping... — с затаенной надеждой

Chapter IV

The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

К стр. 66

В заглавии автор обыгрывает устойчивое фразеологическое сочетание to send in a bill — послать счет — и его омонимичную форму, свободное сочетание to send in a little Bill—послать в дом маленького Билла (Bill — имя одного из персонажей повести). Каламбур основан на омонимии имени нарицательного и имени собственного и создается использованием заглавных букв и употреблением артикля.

Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers!—восклицание, выражающее огорчение, досаду и т.д. См. прим. к стр. 41.

as sure as ferrets are ferrets — как дважды два четыре. Белый Кролик перефразировал выражение as sure as death, заменив абстрактное слово death более конкретным понятием из своего обихода: ferret (хорек) — самый страшный враг кроликов. Вместе с тем здесь использовано в качестве структурной модели более разговорное, полушутливое выражение as sure as eggs is eggs с тем же значением.

К стр. 67

"Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment..." — Mary Ann — традиционное имя английской служанки. Любопытно, как меняется поведение Белого Кролика в этой главе, как он командует и кричит на своих слуг, как он груб и раздражителен. Белый Кролик «отыгрывается» в этой сцене за все унижения, которые ему приходится терпеть от Герцогини и при королевском дворе.

to be going messages — выполнять поручения (обычно to go on a message или же to run errands)

К стр. 69

It was much pleasanter at home... when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller and *being ordered about by mice and rabbits* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) — Эти слова, как полагают многие исследователи творчества Льюиса Кэрролла, по-видимому, подсказаны детскими и юношескими воспоминаниями автора о школьных и студенческих годах, тоской по дому, досадой и горечью, вызванной необходимостью приспосабливаться, подчиняться, сковывать себя. Эта мысль неотступно сопровождает Алису во время ее подземного путешествия. Она часто восклицает с раздражением: "How the creatures *order one about*, and make one repeat lessons!" (стр. 149) "Everybody says 'come on!' here. *I never was so ordered about* before in all my life; never!" (стр. 137)

...that there ought! — ...право нужно было бы это сделать!

К стр. 72

Digging for apples — Выкапываю яблоки. (Пример авторской «чепухи»: яблоки в Стране Чудес копают как картошку; (букв. to dig for — искать).

for all that — тем не менее

К стр. 73

I hadn't to bring but one. *(неправ.)* = I didn't have to bring but one. — Мне надо было притащить только одну.

don't be particular — *зд.* не придирайтесь

Heads below! — Берегите головы!

К стр. 74

There goes Bill! — *зд.* А вот летит Билл!

К стр. 75

up I goes (*простор.*) = up I go — эмфатическая инверсия, передающая стремительность движения

So you did. — *приблиз.* Так оно и было. (реплика, передающая согласие)

К стр. 79

made believe to worry it — сделал вид, что он ее грызет (теребит)

Chapter V

Advice from a Caterpillar

К стр. 82

"Explain yourself!" "I cannot explain *myself*." — Реплика Алисы строится на игре слов: 1. explain yourself (устойчивое сочетание) — объяснитесь; 2. explain myself (свободное сочетание) — объяснить, что я собой представляю.

К стр. 83

You are old, Father William — Один из непревзойденных шедевров «поэзии чепухи» (nonsense verse), который представляет собой остроумнейшую пародию на позабытое дидактическое стихотворение Роберта Саути (Robert Southey, 1774-1843) под названием *Old Man's Comforts and How He Gained Them.*

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,

And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with you pass away.
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God.
And He hath not forgotten my age."

К стр. 84

Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door.— Однако ты проделал обратное сальто через дверь (впрыгнул в дверь, проделав обратное сальто).

К стр. 86

until it chose to speak again — пока он не пожелал снова заговорить

К стр. 89

There's no pleasing them! — *зд.* От них деваться некуда. (*букв.* На них никак не угодишь.)

they must needs come wriggling down from the sky — они непременно начнут на вас валиться, извиваясь, прямо с неба

A likely story indeed! — Правдоподобная история, нечего сказать!

К стр. 90

as it happens — *зд.* кстати сказать, между прочим

К стр. 91

It'll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits! — Никак не годится появляться перед ними в таком виде: да ведь я бы их перепугала до смерти!

Chapter VI

Pig and Pepper

К стр. 93

no sort of use — никакого толка (no sort of — никакой)

К стр. 94

came skimming out — стремительно выкатилась

К стр. 95

" — or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, *exactly as if nothing had happened* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) — Аналогичная сцена описана дальше (см. стр. 98); кухарка швыряет в Герцогиню сковородками и всем, что ей попадается под руку, причем автор сообщает нам, что The Duchess took no notice of them *even when they hit her.* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) Реакция лакея на то, что происходит вокруг, вернее отсутствие реакции, когда ему чуть было не снесли голову, а также его бессмысленные реплики, которые формально являются частью диалога,

а на деле игнорируют вопросы Алисы и ни в коей мере не являются ответом на них, — все это как нельзя более характерно для сдвинутой логики персонажей Страны Чудес, противоречащей нормам здравого смысла. Недаром даже вежливая Алиса восклицает: He's perfectly idiotic!

on and off — с перерывами

the Duchess — Интересно отметить, что при изображении Герцогини Джон Теннил, иллюстрировавший книгу, использовал в качестве прообраза портрет Безобразной Герцогини, принадлежащий перу фламандского художника XVI века Квентина Матсиса. Полагают, что это был портрет Маргариты Маулташ, герцогини Тироля, женщины необыкновенно уродливой. Маулташ было прозвище, которым ее наделили из-за формы ее рта, с резко выступающей нижней губой; нем. Maultasche означает «рот как карман». Она изображена Лионом Фейхтвангером в его известном романе «Безобразная Герцогиня».

Alice said... as well as she could for sneezing — с трудом проговорила Алиса..., так как она непрерывно чихала

К стр. 97

It's a Cheshire cat — Имеется в виду выражение to grin like a Cheshire ['tʃeʃə] cat — ухмыляться во весь рот. Происхождение этого выражения точно неизвестно. Существуют два предположения: 1. один художник в Чешире (графстве, где родился Льюис Кэрролл) изображал на вывесках ухмыляющихся львов; 2. одно время головкам чеширского сыра придавалась форма головы широко улыбающейся кошки. Автор использует здесь свой излюбленный стилистический прием: он «оживляет» не имеющий самостоятельного значения компонент фразеологического сочетания (идиома) и превращает его в одного

из персонажей повествования (см. ниже Ch. VII *A Mad Tea-Party*, целиком построенную на этом приеме).

К стр. 98

"Oh, *please* mind what you are doing!" cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!" — «Ой, пожалуйста, подумайте, что вы делаете!» — закричала Алиса, подпрыгивая от охватившего ее ужаса. — «Ой, сейчас погибнет его миленький носик!» В этой сцене автор очень тонко противопоставляет нормальную реакцию девочки, ее волнение — Алиса в ужасе подпрыгивает каждый раз, когда летит очередная сковородка — дикому и непонятному поведению кухарки и ничем необъяснимому хладнокровию Герцогини.

If everybody minded his own business... the world would go round a deal faster than it does. — Если бы каждый занимался своим делом... все на свете делалось бы гораздо быстрее (т.е. дела на свете шли бы лучше). Реплика Алисы построена на игре слов. Она понимает слова the world would go round a deal faster буквально и, по-детски тщеславная, пользуется случаем «применить» полученные ею в школе знания.

Which would *not* be an advantage. — Никто бы от этого ничего не выиграл.

К стр. 99

Talking of axes — *зд.* игра слов, основанная на почти одинаковом произношении слов axis ['æksɪs] — земная ось и axes ['æksɪz] мн. число от axe ['æks] — топор. Однако слово axis, так хорошо знакомое ей по урокам географии, вызывает в Стране Чудес совершенно неожиданные ассоциации.

Chop off her head! — Эти слова впервые произносит Герцогиня; в дальнейшем Алисе предстоит услышать их еще много раз; они как лейтмотив сопутствуют Червон-

ной Королеве, которая таким путем решает все конфликты (см. стр. 122, 123, 125 и т.д.). The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great and small, — говорит о ней автор (см. стр. 129).

I never could abide figures (*разг.*) — Я всегда терпеть не могла цифры

Speak roughly to your little boy — Свирепая колыбельная песня (какой парадокс!), исполняемая Герцогиней, представляет собой пародию на давно забытое, весьма слащавое, сентиментальное и нравоучительное стихотворение Дж. У. Лэнгфорда (G.W. Langford):

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no hard word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child.
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
Whose sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in piece depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

К стр. 100

it was as much as she could do to hold it — она с трудом удерживала его на руках

to prevent its undoing itself — чтобы не дать ему развернуться

К стр. 101

it was neither more nor less than a pig — Льюис Кэрролл не без некоторого злорадства превращает младенца в поросенка: он очень любил маленьких девочек, но, как известно, терпеть не мог мальчишек. Вот, например, как он заканчивает письмо в стихах, адресованное одной из его маленьких приятельниц Мэгги Каннингхем (Maggie Cannynghame):

My best love to yourself, — to your Mother
My kindest regards, — to your small
Fat, impertinent, ignorant brother
My hatred, — I think that is all.

(*A Selection from the Letters of Lewis Carroll to his Child-Friends*, edited by E.M. Hatch.)

К стр. 101

Появляющийся и исчезающий Чеширский Кот, который как бы сопровождает Алису в Стране Чудес и к которому она расположена и испытывает доверие, возможно, не что иное, как сказочный образ кошки Дины, единственного существа из прошлой жизни, о которой Алиса вспоминает и скучает. Ср. ниже стр. 126: It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.

К стр. 102

they're both mad — Имеются в виду выражения mad as a hatter и mad as a March hare — спятивший с ума, не в своем уме. Выражения эти были распространены во времена Льюиса Кэрролла, и он «оживил» их, создав персонажи Шляпника и Зайца. Происхождение выражения mad as a March hare связано с возбужденным состоянием животного в период весеннего спаривания. Выражение mad as a hatter, вероятно, имело фактическую основу: шляпники действительно сходили с ума, так как они до недавнего времени пользовались ртутью при обработке фетра (сейчас в большинстве стран Европы это запрещено) и поэтому часто становились жертвами ртутного отравления; у них появлялась дрожь, называемая hatter shakes, поражалось зрение, возникали расстройства речи, на более поздних стадиях возникали галлюцинации и другие симптомы нарушения психической деятельности.

К стр. 103

we're all mad here... — Характерно, что последующие рассуждения Кота не убеждают умненькую Алису Силлогизм, в котором Кот сравнивает себя с собакой, казалось бы безупречен с точки зрения формальной логики; но Алиса инстинктивно чувствует его порочность. Здесь здравый смысл противопоставляется схоластическим

формально-логическим построениям: по форме все правильно, а по существу глубоко неверно, так как находится в противоречии с жизненной правдой.

К стр. 104

the March Hare will be much the most interesting — Речь Алисы, как мы уже видели, не всегда правильна, в частности, она не в ладу со степенями сравнения (см. ком. к стр. 46).

as this is May — Алиса рассуждает удивительно здраво. Один из исследователей этой книги прекрасно сказал, что «Алиса с безупречной разумностью странствует в джунглях бессмыслицы».

К стр. 105

a grin without a cat — В этих словах математик Льюис Кэрролл дает удачное определение чистой математической абстракции.

Chapter VII

A Mad Tea-Party

К стр. 106

the Hatter — Существует предположение, что художник Джон Теннил, рисовавший иллюстрации к «Алисе», по предложению Льюиса Кэрролла изобразил некоего Картера, известного торговца мебелью, жившего вблизи Оксфорда. Картера называли Mad Hatter отчасти потому, что он всегда носил цилиндр, а отчасти потому, что он был вечно полон эксцентричных замыслов. Его изобретение, кровать-будильник, которая сбрасывала спящего в ней человека на пол, когда его надо было будить, даже демонстрировалась в 1851 г. в Лондоне в Crystal Palace (здание из стекла и металла, предназначенное для I-ой Международной выставки). Может быть именно

поэтому Шляпник Льюиса Кэрролла все время интересуется временем и пытается будить Соню. Шляпник и Заяц фигурируют и в «Зазеркалье» в качестве посланцев короля.

Dormouse — Соня, грызун, живет на деревьях и больше похож на белку, нежели на мышь. Название происходит от латинского глагола dormire (спать) и связано с зимней спячкой животного а также с тем, что, в отличие от белки, соня — ночное животное и днем бывает в сонном состоянии. Есть предположение, что Соня, как и многие другие персонажи сказки, имел своего прототипа в похожем на медвежонка маленьком австралийском зверьке (wombat), принадлежавшем Данте Габриелю Россетти — поэту и художнику-прерафаэлиту (1828-1882). Этот зверек имел обыкновение спать, сидя за столом. Льюис Кэрролл бывал в доме семьи Россетти.

К стр. 107

You should learn not to make personal remarks... It's very rude. — Нет сомнения в том, что Алисе постоянно внушали, что не годится благовоспитанной девочке to ask personal questions и to make personal remarks, т.е. задавать вопросы или делать замечания, которые касаются личностей и поэтому могут быть неприятны. Теперь она в свою очередь с удовольствием поучает Шляпника, охотно копируя взрослых.

Why is a raven like a writing desk? — Для персонажей Страны Чудес, как мы уже отмечали, характерны неожиданные, лишенные всякой логики реплики. Беседа с ними часто напоминает разговор глухих (см. напр. стр. 110): I don't quite understand you, — говорит Алиса (разговор идет о часах); The Dormouse is asleep again, — отвечает на это Шляпник.

Что же касается загадки "Why is a raven like a writing desk?", которая так и осталась без ответа, то в то

время, когда жил Льюис Кэрролл она вызвала живое обсуждение и относительно нее было высказано много различных предположений. А вот ответ, который дал на нее сам писатель в предисловии к более позднему изданию книги в 1856 году: Because it can produce a few notes though they are very flat. Здесь обыгрывается омонимия слов notes: I. заметки, 2. музыкальные ноты, 3. карканье и flat: 1. плоский, 2. намек на выражение to sing flat — петь фальшиво. Однако скорее всего автор первоначально не имел в виду никакого ответа, загадка мыслилась именно как загадка без ответа. Очень остроумные решения предложил Сэм Ллойд, американский специалист по загадкам: I. because the notes for which they are noted are not noted for being musical notes; и 2. because Poe wrote on both (имеется в виду знаменитое стихотворение Эдгара По *The Raven*).

you should say what you mean... I mean what I say — Эта реплика и весь последующий диалог строятся на принципе topsy-turvy rhymes (жанр «перевертышей», стихи шиворот-навыворот), где все перевернуто, переставлено и перепутано.

К стр. 109

the fourth — Заявление Алисы о том, что это 4-ое число в сочетании с упомянутым ею выше (см. ком. к стр. 104) месяцем маем позволяет точно установить день путешествия Алисы в Срану Чудес: 4-ое мая. Это был день ее рождения. Таким образом в 1862 г., когда Льюис Кэрролл рассказал и описал ее приключения, Алисе было 10 лет. Однако в книге Алисе ровно 7 лет, и когда автор подарил рукопись своей маленькой приятельнице, он приклеил к ней фотографию Алисы, сделанную им в 1859 году, а в «Зазеркалье», где события происходят осенью, на полгода позже, в главе V есть прямое указание на ее возраст (Алиса сообщает Королеве, что ей $7^1/_2$ лет).

Two days wrong! — Отстают (или спешат) на два дня! Необыкновенные часы Шляпника, по которым он определяет не часы, а дни недели, не так уж бессмысленны, как это может показаться на первый взгляд. Часы — это механизм, показывающий время, а выбор единицы измерения принципиального значения не имеет. Льюис Кэрролл хочет этим сказать, что право на существование имеет не только то, к чему мы привыкли; необычное может быть столь же правомочно. В такой тонкой и завуалированной форме он восстает против традиционных, привычных представлений.

butter wouldn't suit the works — сливочное масло не годится для того, чтобы смазывать механизм часов

What a funny watch! — восклицает Алиса. В книге «Сильвия и Бруно» Льюис Кэрролл описывает еще более странные часы, принадлежавшие немецкому профессору. Эти часы могли итти обратно и вызывать обратный ход событий. Любопытно, что они как бы предвосхищают «Машину времени» Герберта Уэллса.

К стр. 111

It's *him.* — Имеется в виду выражение Old Father Time. Весь следующий абзац построен на расширенной метафоре, где олицетворяется время — Old Father Time.

He won't stand beating. — Он не потерпит, чтобы его били. Здесь игра слов: to beat time — отбивать такт; автор использует прием разрушения фразеологического единства, восстанавливая основное значение глагола to beat — бить.

К стр. 112

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! — Песенка Шляпника пародирует известное хрестоматийное стихотворение *The Star* (автор Jane Taylor, 1783-1827).

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
When you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtain peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Высказано было также предположение, что в пародии Льюиса Кэрролла содержится намек на известного в Оксфорде профессора математики и друга автора Бартоломью Прайса (Bartholomew Price), которого студенты прозвали "Bat", и который «парил» во время лекций над головами своих слушателей.

He's murdering the time! — Здесь игра слов построена на синонимии: обыгрывается выражение to kill time — убивать время (где глаголу придается основное значение). Снова Льюис Кэрролл использует ожившую метафору,

свой излюбленный стилистический прием. Вместе с тем слова Королевы имеют и другое значение, указывая на то что Шляпник нарушает ритм песенки (ср. to beat time — отбивать такт).

It's always six o'clock now... It's always tea-time. — В то время, когда была написана эта книга, в Англии еще не установился обычай five o'clock tea. В доме семейства Лидделл чай обычно подавали в 6 часов вечера во время ужина для детей.

К стр. 113

three little sisters... Elsie, Lacie and Tillie — Три сестрички — это сестры Лидделл; Элси = L.C. ['el'si:] = Lorina Charlotte; Lacie — анаграмма имени Alice. Имя Tillie связано с прозвищем младшей Эдит — Matilda.

What did they live on? — Чем они питались?

К стр. 114

you can't take *less* — Игра слов, построенная на омонимии: 1. more — еще и 2. more — больше. Снова пример схоластических рассуждений: Шляпник рассуждает по законам формальной логики и оказывается формально правым, чем и выводит из себя Алису, которая, чувствуя себя обиженной, но не зная, что возразить, вспылив «переходит на личности».

One, indeed! — Один, как же! Игра слов, построенная на омонимии: 1. one — местоимение, слово-заменитель, которое Алиса употребляет вместо treacle-well; 2. one — числительное «один».

What did they draw? — Последующий диалог построен на игре слов: 1. to draw — рисовать и 2. to draw — черпать (воду).

К стр. 115

a good deal worse off — (Алисе) стало гораздо неудобнее; to be worse off — быть в худшем положении

they were *in* the well... well in — Льюис Кэрролл обыгрывает сочетания in the well и well in. Каламбур основан на омонимии слов well и in: I. well (сущ.) — колодец; well (наречие) — совершенно, полностью; 2. in (предлог) — в; in (наречие) — внутри.

К стр. 116

muchness — слово, не имеющее самостоятельного значения, употребляется только как компонент разговорного выражения much of a muchness — одного поля ягода (т.е. почти то же самое)

I don't think — Озадаченная Алиса хотела сказать I don't think I have, т.е. «Мне кажется (я думаю) нет (не видела)», но Шляпник в своей реплике мгновенно реагирует на буквальное значение слов Алисы, не давая себе труда вдуматься в смысл ее слов.

She got up... and walked off — Алиса, как мы видим из этой главы, очень обидчива. Автор наделяет ее этой характерной для него самого чертой. Ее демонстративный уход напоминает биографам писателя его собственное поведение, когда он нередко покидал профессорскую в Оксфорде (Common Room), чувствуя себя уязвленным или шокированным.

Chapter VIII

The Queen's Croquet-Ground

К стр. 119

Look out now, Five! — Осторожнее, Пятерка!

В этой главе автор «обнажает» буквальное значение слов, обозначающих масть в картах. Садовники-пики — spades (spade — лопата), солдаты-трефы — clubs (club — дубинка), придворные-бубны — diamonds (diamond — бриллиант), десять королевских детей-черви — hearts (heart — сердце). Автор тепло описывает королевских детей и по

их числу десять можно предположить, что это описание в какой-то степени подсказано его личными воспоминаниями: Льюис Кэрролл был старшим ребенком в семье, и у него было десять младших братьев и сестер, с которыми, особенно с сестрами, он очень любил играть в детстве. На протяжении всей главы Льюис Кэрролл тонко связывает поведение персонажей с поведением игральных карт: они ложатся рубашкой вверх и тогда их нельзя отличить друг от друга, их легко перевернуть и т.п.

К стр. 120

"Well, of all the unjust things—" — «Ну, знаете ли, ничего более несправедливого я не слыхал».

К стр. 122

... so please your majesty — если будет угодно вашему величеству

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast... — По словам автора, Королева Червей была для него воплощением слепой бессмысленной ярости, неистовых вспышек гнева. Однако, как мы видим, она уже не способна внушить страх Алисе.

К стр. 123

Their heads are gone. — Эту фразу можно понять двояко: 1. им отрубили головы (their heads are off); 2. их головы исчезли (*букв.* ушли).

К стр. 124

На вопрос Королевы, играет ли Алиса в крокет, мы с удивлением читаем: "Yes!" *shouted* Alice (курсив наш — Л.Г.) Характерно, что вежливая и деликатная Алиса тоже начала кричать, попав ко двору Червонной Короле-

вы, которая непрерывно кричала. Сравните обилие синонимов, при помощи которых Льюис Кэрролл описывает ее речь: screamed, said... in a shrill loud voice, shouted, roared, shouted in a voice of thunder.

...it was all ridges and furrows — ...вся площадка для игры в крокет была изрыта (была волнистой, покрытой бороздками; ridge — *зд.* гребень борозды). В Стране Чудес все было шиворот-навыворот, но Алисе это все же показалось странным, как и сама игра, которая представляет собой апофеоз нелепости.

Игра в крокет была в то время очень популярна в Англии Трудно сказать, читал ли И.С. Тургенев «Алису в Стране Чудес» (русский перевод появился только в 1909 г., но ведь известно, что писатель прекрасно владел английским языком) и навеяно ли его стихотворение «Крокет в Виндзоре» (1876) главой из этой книги, но несомненно, что в нем, хотя и в другой тональности, зловеще звучит уже знакомый нам лейтмотив Королевы "Off with his head". Не следует забывать, что буржуазные историки создали лживую легенду о так называемом викторианском веке (Victorian era) — веке расцвета Англии в правление королевы Виктории (1837-1901). В действительности же это был период жесточайшей эксплуатации рабочего класса и беспощадного ограбления колоний английской буржуазией. Достаточно вспомнить хотя бы закабаление Индии, кровавые годы Индийского национального восстания, потопленного в крови (1857-1859 гг.) и разгром Чартистского движения, сопровождавшийся массовыми арестами.

Приводим несколько строф из упомянутого стихотворения:

Сидит королева в Виндзорском бору...
Придворные дамы играют
В вошедшую в моду недавно игру,

Ту «крокет» игру называют.
Катают шары — и в отмеченный круг
Их гонят так ловко и смело...
Глядит королева, смеется и вдруг
Умолкла... лицо побледнело...

Ей чудится: вместо точеных шаров,
Гонимых лопаткой проворной —
Катаются целые сотни голов,
Обрызганных кровию черной...
То головы женщин, девиц и детей...
На лицах — следы истязаний,
И зверских обид, и звериных когтей —
Весь ужас предсмертных страданий.

. . . . . .

Вернулась домой и в раздумьи стоит...
Склонились тяжелые вежды...
О, ужас, кровавой струею залит,
Весь край королевской одежды:
«Велю это смыть! Я хочу позабыть!
На помощь, британские реки!»
— Нет, ваше величество! Вам уж не смыть
Той крови невинной навеки.

flamingoes — в первоначальном варианте рукописи молотками были страусы

К стр. 125

arches — *зд.* воротца (через которые во время игры в крокет ударом молотка прогоняют шар)

К стр. 128

one can't hear one's self speak — Мы уже отмечали, что в речевой характеристике Алисы мы находим откло-

нения от нормы, свойственные детям ее возраста (надо: hear oneself speak).

I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog — Мне бы следовало крокировать ежа Королевы (т.е. шар Королевы); согласно правилам игры в крокет нацеленный удар шаром по шару партнера дает право на дополнительный ход.

К стр. 129

A cat may look at a king. *(погов.)* — Смотреть ни на кого не возбраняется. Здесь тот же стилистический прием разложения фразеологического сочетания, где слова cat и king использованы в своем основном значении. В результате все сочетание распадается и переосмысляется. Юмористический эффект создается столкновением привычного употребления сочетания (поговорки) с контекстуальным, превращающим поговорку в свободное сочетание.

Chapter IX

The Mock Turtle's Story

К стр. 132

Mock Turtle — Фальшивая Черепаха, еще один ожив-ший метафорический образ, созданный Льюисом Кэрроллом (подробнее см. ком. к стр. 136)

К стр. 133

camomile — настой ромашки, чрезвычайно горькое лекарство, широко применявшееся в те дни

...they wouldn't be so stingy about it — Алиса имеет в виду, что если бы взрослым были известны открытые ею закономерности, то они бы не ограничивали детей в употреблении сладостей.

I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is... — и дальше **Everything's got a moral** и т.д. — Герцогиня каждое свое высказывание заканчивает словами and the

moral of that is и затем несет какую-нибудь околесицу. В этой сцене автор, очевидно, высмеивает дидактический характер обучения в викторианской Англии, когда детей непрерывно пичкали поучительными наставлениями, часто вызывавшими у них отвращение.

К стр. 134

Somebody said... that it's done by everybody minding their own business! — Алиса намекает на слова, произнесенные Герцогиней в главе VI, стр. 98.

Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves. — В основе этой сентенции лежит английская пословица: Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. — Надо быть экономным в мелочах (ср. русскую пословицу — Копейка рубль бережет). Любопытно, что слова Герцогини теперь нередко цитируются как принцип, которым следует руководствоваться для того, чтобы писать хорошую прозу или стихи. Характерно, что реплики Герцогини, так же как и других персонажей, иногда полны скрытого смысла.

flamingoes and mustard both bite — игра слов, построенная на многозначности глагола to bite: 1. кусать; 2. жечь, щипать

Birds of a feather flock together. *(посл.)* — Рыбак рыбака видит издалека. При всей бесспорности и первого и второго утверждения, они совершенно не связаны между собой, и умненькая Алиса инстинктивно чувствует это. Хотя в пословице слово birds употреблено фигурально, и простодушный ответ Алисы only mustard isn't a bird казалось бы нелогичен, в ее реплике больше здравого смысла чем в сентенциях Герцогини.

The more there is of mine the less there is of yours. — Каламбур, построенный на омонимии слова mine: 1. имя сущ. — рудник и 2. абсолютная форма притяжательного местоимения my.

К стр. 135

if you'd like it put more simply — 'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise...' — Автор откровенно иронизирует над неудобоваримым стилем речи, над длинными и запутанными периодами, которые детям приходилось преодолевать при усвоении материала школьных учебников. Когда ошеломленная Алиса со свойственной ей вежливостью говорит, что она бы лучше поняла эту сентенцию, если бы она увидела ее в написанном виде, Герцогиня чувствует себя польщенной и гордо заявляет: That's nothing to what I could say if I chose — Это пустяки по сравнению с тем, что я могла бы сказать, если бы захотела.

Thinking again? — Герцогиня недовольно спрашивает. И дальше: Just about *as much right* (to think) ... *as pigs have to fly*. При кажущейся бессмысленности извергаемого Герцогиней потока слов в них, как мы уже отмечали, нередко скрыт определенный смысл: думать в Стране Чудес не положено. В викторианской Англии культ зубрежки приводил к тому, что детей учили мыслить готовыми формулами, речь превращалась в бессмысленный набор слов (ср. с речью Мыши на стр. 57-58). По-видимому в последней фразе Герцогини содержится намек на выражение pigs might fly — бывает, что коровы летают; иными словами, мыслящий человек — это большая редкость.

К стр. 136

either you or your head must be off — либо ты должна убраться, либо тебе не сносить головы (игра слов, построенная на двояком значении сочетания to be off)

in about half no time — сию же минуту. Автор обыгрывает сочетание in no time — «мгновенно» и вводит для усиления слова about half, чтобы показать, что требова-

ние Королевы должно быть выполнено еще быстрее, чем «мгновенно» (ср. на стр. 130: in less than no time).

Mock Turtle soup — суп из Фальшивой Черепахи, т.е. имитация черепахового супа, который обычно приготовляется из телятины. Вот почему художник Джон Теннил изобразил придуманную Льюисом Кэрроллом Фальшивую Черепаху с телячьей головой, хвостом и копытами на задних лапах.

К стр. 137

Gryphon (griffin) — В древнегреческой мифологии грифон изображался чудовищем с головой и крыльями орла и туловищем льва. Грифон был обычным средневековым символом, означающим единство бога и человека во Христе. Здесь Грифон и Фальшивая Черепаха представляют собой сатиру на бывших питомцев Оксфордского университета, многие из которых отличались крайней сентиментальностью.

They never executes nobody *(непр.)* = they never execute anybody

К стр. 138

he hasn't got no sorrow *(непр.)* = he hasn't got any sorrow. Грифон, как уже, очевидно, заметил читатель, говорит с ошибками, свойственными языку ребенка; то же можно сказать и о черепахе. (Ср. дальше: She wants for to know your history, she do.)

I'll tell it her *(непр.)* = I'll tell it to her

Tortoise — сухопутная черепаха (turtle — обычно морская черепаха). Ниже: We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Здесь игра слов, основанная на одинаковом произношении слов tortoise ['tɔ:təs] и taught us ['tɔ:t əs].

К стр. 140

Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it! — Давай, валяй, старина! Не размазывай свою историю на целый день. Комический эффект этих слов вызван тем, что от детской неправильной речи, чуть ли ни лепета, Грифон вдруг неожиданно переходит к весьма развязной, вульгарной манере взрослого парня.

day-school — школа, посещаемая детьми, которые живут с родителями, в отличие от boarding-school — школы, где дети живут в течение всего учебного года и приезжают домой только на каникулы

extras — необязательные предметы, которым детей обучают за дополнительную плату

French, music and *washing* — extra. — Эти слова часто встречались в счетах школы-интерната (boarding-school). При этом, разумеется, имелось в виду, что детей обучают за дополнительную плату французскому языку и музыке, и кроме того с них взимают какую-то сумму за стирку их белья.

I only took the regular course. — Я проходил только основной курс.

Название всех предметов, которые проходила в школе Фальшивая Черепаха, построены на своеобразной игре слов: Reeling and Writhing — вертеться и корчиться, т.е. Reading and Writing. Характерно, что названные слова вызывают неприятные ассоциации, так же как и четыре действия арифметики, которой училась Черепаха:

Ambition, т е. Addition (+)
Distraction, т.е. Substraction (—)
Uglification, т.е. Multiplication (×)
Derision, т.е. Division (:)

К стр. 141

to uglify — антоним, образованный автором по аналогии с глаголом to beautify

Mystery ... with Seaography, т.е. History with Geography

К стр. 142

Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils — т.е. Drawing, Sketching and Painting in Oils. Fainting in Coils буквально означает падать в обморок, сворачиваясь кольцами. Вот почему на вопрос Алисы Фальшивая Черепаха отвечает: I can't show it you myself. I'm too stiff — Я не могу тебе этого показать. Я слишком плохо сгибаюсь.

He was an old crab — здесь игра слов, основанная на двойном значении слова crab: 1. краб; 2. старый ворчун

Laughing and Grief — т.е. Latin and Greek

so he did — вот именно

That's the reason they're called lessons — игра слов, построенная на одинаковом произношении разных слов: 1. lesson (сущ.) — урок; 2. lessen (гл.) — уменьшаться

Chapter X

The Lobster Quadrille

К стр. 143

quadrille [kwɔ'drɪl] — кадриль, французский танец, состоявший из пяти фигур. Его танцевали две, четыре или более пар. Это был один из самых трудных бальных танцев, очень модный в то время, когда Льюис Кэрролл создавал свою книгу. Специально приглашенный учитель танцев учил девочек Лидделл танцевать кадриль.

К стр. 145

advance twice — делаете два шага вперед

set to partners — *зд.* партнеры подходят близко друг к другу

change lobsters — в кадрили есть фигура, в которой партнеры обмениваются дамами

К стр. 146

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail... — Песенка Фальшивой Черепахи пародирует первую строку и написана в размере известного стихотворения Мэри Ховетт (Mary Howitt, 1799-1888):

The Spider and the Fly

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things to show you when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

whiting — мерлан (рыба типа трески)

shingle — так в Англии называется часть морского берега, покрытого галькой

К стр. 147

They have their tails in their mouths. — Алиса видела эту рыбу только в жареном виде, уложенную на блюде. Грифон же, объясняя, почему they have their tails in their mouths, видимо, намекает на выражение to have one's heart in one's mouth — перетрусить до смерти.

they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance — они непременно желали идти с крабами на танцы; would — *зд.* модальный глагол, означающий настойчивое желание

К стр. 148

It does the boots and shoes. — Она чистит туфли и башмаки. Оказывается, на дне морском вместо blacking (сапожная вакса) употребляют whiting, т.е. обувь не чернят, а белят. Здесь каламбур: 1. whiting — мерлан; 2. whiting — белый крем для обуви.

Soles and eels — игра слов, построенная на омонимии: sole 1. морской язык (рыба) и 2. подошва; eel — угорь, звучит очень похоже на heel — каблук

porpoise ['pɔ:pəs] — бурый дельфин, морская свинья; звучит очень похоже на purpose ['pə:pəs] — цель, намерение

К стр. 149

It's all about as curious as it can be. — Любопытнее и не придумаешь.

К стр. 150

'Tis the voice of the lobster... — Первая строка напоминает слова из Библии the voice of the turtle (Песнь Песней 2, 12). Само же стихотворение, которое отвечает Алиса, представляет собой пародию на начальные строки «Бездельника» *(The Sluggard)*, мрачного и нудного стихотворения Исаака Уоттса (см. прим. к стр. 49). Намек на библейский текст тоже представляет собой своеобразный, построенный на омонимии, каламбур; в Библии слово turtle означает «горлица» (обычно turtle-dove), у Льюиса Кэрролла речь идет о черепахе.

The Sluggard

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain
"You have waked me too soon. I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber."
Thus he wastes half his days, and hours without number,
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher,
The clothes that are on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads the Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

Интересно, что по этому поводу один уэссекский викарий написал письмо в газету (*The St. James' Gazette*), обвиняя Льюиса Кэрролла в непочтительности и неуважении к священному писанию, так как он позволил себе намек на библейский текст в первой строке своей пародии.

К стр. 151

"***...And concluded the banquet by —***" — Очевидно заключительные слова могли быть только "eating the Owl".

К стр. 152

"***Beautiful Soup***" — Поется на мотив популярной песни *Star of the Evening* (автор слов и музыки James M. Sayles):

Star of the Evening

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silvery light
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Chorus

Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

*

In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

*

Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

1-го августа 1862 года Льюис Кэрролл записал в своем дневнике, что в тот день девочки Лидделл исполнили ему эту песню. Написание слов beautiful, soup и evening передает манеру в которой исполнялась песня «Вечерняя звезда».

. . . . . **two p**

ennyworth only of beautiful soup? — шуточный перенос ради рифмы: = two pennyworth... of soup — супа на два пенса

Chapter XI

Who Stole the Tarts?

К стр. 155

I wish they'd get the trial done... and hand round the refreshments. — Хоть бы скорее покончили с судом и всем

бы роздали угощение. Алиса простодушно принимает за угощение для присутствующих выставленные на большом блюде в качестве вещественного доказательства торты, украденные Червонным Валетом.

That's the judge... because of his great wig. — Алиса слыхала о том, что судьи в английском суде носят парики. На фронтисписе в иллюстрированном Теннилом издании было изображено судебное заседание, возглавляемое Королем и Королевой: у Короля — глупое лицо с круглыми вытаращенными глазками и маленькими закрученными усиками, а на парике с роскошными локонами красуется большая тяжелая корона.

it was not... becoming — (ему) это было не к лицу

К стр. 157

A nice muddle their slates'll be in... — Представляю, на что будут похожи их грифельные доски... (Хороши будут их грифельные доски)

after hunting all about for it — после того, как он обшарил все вокруг в поисках (карандаша)

К стр. 158

The Queen of Hearts... — Единственное стихотворение в книге, которое Льюис Кэрролл не пародирует. Это известная детская песенка (nursery rhyme), первый куплет которой зачитывается в качестве обвинительного заключения. Вот продолжение этого стихотворения:

The maidens then, and serving men
Stared at the King of Hearts:
"I see," he said right solemnly,
"Who stole the damson tarts:
His lips retain the purple stain
Of juice upon them yet,
To hide his sin, his mouth and chin

To wipe, he did forget!"
All looked to see who it could be
Except the knave, I wot,
Who did begin to wipe his chin
Though it no stain had got.

Из приведенных куплетов мы видим, что Червонный Валет сам выдает себя (на воре шапка горит) и тем самым дает основания для обвинения в краже.

Однако, на суде эти строки не зачитываются. В качестве обвинительного заключения фигурирует лишь голословное утверждение, что Червонный Валет украл торты, после чего Король-судья объявляет: Consider your verdict. Допрос свидетелей, выступления сторон — это лишь формальная процедура, которая ничего не может изменить в суде, где все уже предрешено. (Ср. с рассказом Мыши на стр. 63: I'll be judge, I'll be jury...)

К стр. 159

Write that down. — Допрос Шляпника — апофеоз бессмысленности судебного разбирательства: по распоряжению Короля присяжные записывают на своих грифельных досках три даты начала чаепития, которые не имеют ни малейшего отношения к краже тортов; затем эти даты почему-то складывают и полученную сумму переводят в шиллинги и пенсы, т.е. решают задачу, чем-то напоминающую обычного типа 'арифметическую задачу. Алиса часто занималась этим в школе. Например: сложить стоимость таких-то предметов и перевести полученную сумму в шиллинги и пенсы.

К стр. 161

the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off — намек на выражение to shake in one's shoes — дрожать, трястись от страха, которое Льюис Кэрролл интерпретирует буквально

I hadn't but just begun my tea — Я только что начал пить чай, — говорит Шляпник и добавляет: *not above a week or so* (курсив наш — Л.Г.) — прошло не больше недели или около того. Это казалось бы нелепое уточнение очень характерно для манеры автора. В его кажущейся нелепости есть своя внутренняя логика и последовательность. Вспомним, что Шляпник мыслит другими категориями, единица измерения времени у него иная, он считает время не на минуты, а на дни, и, следовательно, он с полным основанием может утверждать, что «только что начал пить чай» (как могла бы сказать Алиса: «Я только что начала пить чай, прошло минут 5-7».).

what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin — and the twinkling of the tea — не то бутерброд стал делаться тоньше, не то чай... Король раздражен. Он невнимательно слушает показания Шляпника и резко обрывает его, принимая слово tea за название буквы "Т".

К стр. 162

You are a *very* poor *speaker.* — Каламбур короля построен на двух разных значениях слова poor в сочетаниях: I. poor man — бедняк; 2. poor speaker — плохой оратор.

was suppressed — (ее) заставили замолчать, пресекли (ее) попытку аплодировать. Здесь мы видим игру слов, построенную на одновременной реализации двух значений выражения to be suppressed: I. пресекать, призывать к порядку (часто употребляемого в газетных отчетах о судебных процессах); Алисе нередко доводилось встречать это слово, и оно было ей не совсем ясно или, вернее, вовсе не ясно; 2. подавлять (основное значение), которое автор расшифровывает со свойственной ему изобретательностью применительно к данной ситуации. Теперь глагол to suppress становится понятным Алисе, так как он ассоциируется в ее сознании с хорошо знакомым и понятным ей словом to press — давить.

you may stand down — Формула, применяемая при судебном разбирательстве и означающая: «Вы свободны, можете покинуть свидетельское место (где даются показания)». В английском суде такое место имеет специальное название witness-stand или witness-box и представляет собой небольшое возвышение. Отсюда и возникло выражение to stand down. Шляпник понимает эти слова буквально и отвечает: I can't go no lower. I'm on the floor as it is, где: I can't go no lower *(простор.)* = I can't go any lower. Но его слова можно понять и по-другому: он не может ступить (т.е. опуститься ниже), так как он и так унижен и запуган до предела (стоит лишь вспомнить, как он дрожал, как повторял I'm a poor man, your majesty и т.д.).

Then you may *sit* down. — В данном контексте to sit down = to stand down, т.е. опять обыгрываются два значения: основное—садиться и контекстуальное — покинуть свидетельское место. Возможно, что в этих словах заключен намек на выражение to sit down under insults — молча переносить обиду.

without even waiting to put his shoes on — Характерная деталь, при помощи которой автор подчеркивает ужас, охвативший бедного беззащитного, забитого Шляпника. Джон Теннил изобразил его в одних носках, бегущего стремглав из зала суда.

К стр. 163

Your majesty must cross-examine *this* witness. — Автор использует здесь прием разложения термина: Король понимает слово cross-examine, которое означает «подвергать перекрестному допросу» буквально: cross — сердитый, examine — осматривать. Поэтому он разглядывает кухарку так сильно нахмурившись, что у него почти не видно глаз. Он испытывает огромное облегчение, когда кухарка исчезает в суматохе, и говорит Королеве You must

cross-examine the next witness, ссылаясь на то, что у него разболелся лоб во время допроса. Вполне возможно также, что Король воспринимает это слово как синоним несуществующего в языке глагола to cross-eye, которое он производит от прилагательного cross-eyed, т.е. косой.

К стр. 164

Collar that Dormouse !... Behead that Dormouse! и т.д.— Интересно проанализировать исступленные выкрики Королевы. Королева вопит, чтобы Соню *обезглавили*, а затем *выгнали* из зала суда, *призвали* к порядку (т.е. буквально *подавили* — мы уже видели, как это делается, на стр. 162), *исщипали* и наконец *оборвали ей усики* (курсив наш — Л.Г.). Иначе говоря ее приказания расположены не в естественном порядке логического нарастания, а как раз наоборот, в порядке, противоречащем элементарному здравому смыслу, и являются отличным примером логики шиворот-навыворот.

Chapter XII

Alice's Evidence

К стр. 165

jury-box — место в суде, отведенное для присяжных заседателей. В тексте слово jury-box получает буквальное толкование: это ящик (box), который Алиса нечаянно опрокидывает, выворачивает из него все содержимое и затем поспешно засовывает обратно всех присяжных заседателей. В специальном издании «Приключения Алисы для малышей» *(The Nursery Alice)* Льюис Кэрролл указывал на то, что в иллюстрации Теннила видны все двенадцать присяжных заседателей, и перечисляет их. Это — лягушка, Соня, крыса, хорек, еж, ящерица, петушок (bantam cock — петух особой мелкой породы), крот, утка, белка, аистенок, мышонок.

К стр. 166

I should think it would be *quite* as much used in the trial one way up as the other. — Толку от нее (ящерицы) на суде будет мало, как ее ни поставь, вверх или вниз ногами.

К стр. 167

Rule Forty-two — Король начинает опасаться быстрого роста и независимости Алисы. Желая избавиться от нее, он наскоро сочиняет правило, согласно которому она не имеет права находиться в зале суда. Интересна гипербола в его формулировке (All persons *more than a mile high...*): он сознательно сгущает краски, чтобы представить более мотивированным ее изгнание. Здесь автор подчеркивает произвол в судопроизводстве: все средства хороши, чтобы избавиться от неугодного и опасного свидетеля, вплоть до обмана и подлога. Вместе с тем ясно, что момент упущен, Алиса выросла и приобрела уверенность в своих силах, с ней теперь оказывается не так легко справиться. К тому же, в отличие от обитателей Страны Чудес, она наблюдательна и на редкость сообразительна. На лживое заявление Короля It's the oldest rule in the book девочка отвечает: Then it ought to be Number One.

К стр. 169

Сцена со стихами как нельзя лучше выявляет безнадежное положение подсудимого — Червонного Валета: все его возражения оборачиваются против него. Когда выясняется, что стихи написаны не почерком подсудимого, Король безапелляционно заявляет: He must have imitated somebody else's hand. Когда Червонный Валет указывает на то, что под стихами даже нет его подписи, Король не задумываясь говорит: If you didn't sign it that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant

some mischief и т.д. Что бы ни говорил подсудимый, он обречен: ведь истина никого здесь не интересует. Судебный процесс не более чем фарс, и Король спешит с ним покончить. Let the jury consider the verdict, — повторяет он без конца.

Стихи, зачитанные в качестве улики, лишены какого бы то ни было смысла. Но это не смущает Короля-судью. На слова Алисы ... there's no atom of meaning in it, он с неумолимой логикой Страны Чудес заявляет: If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble ... as we needn't try to find any.

К стр. 172

You never had fits... then the words don't fit you... — Король пытается острить: его каламбур построен на омонимах: I. fit (сущ.) — припадок; 2. to fit (гл.) — подходить.

Sentence first — verdict afterwards — отличная иллюстрация своеобразной логики шиворот-навыворот. В отличие от обычного принятого в суде порядка, когда присяжные заседатели сначала выносят решение о виновности или невиновности подсудимого (verdict), а затем судья на этом основании выносит приговор (sentence). Королева требует, чтобы прежде вынесли приговор, а затем присяжные решали вопрос о виновности или невиновности подсудимого. Казалось бы, слова ее нелепы. Но разве дикая формула Sentence first — verdict afterwards не отражает часто *действительного* положения вещей в буржуазном судопроизводстве, когда подсудимый бывает приговорен и обречен *еще до того*, как началось судебное разбирательство? Если вдуматься, то сцена суда, которой завершаются фантастические приключения Алисы, вовсе не так смешна и безобидна, как это может показаться на первый взгляд.

Л. Головчинская

Льюис Кэрролл

ПРИКЛЮЧЕНИЯ АЛИСЫ В СТРАНЕ ЧУДЕС

На английском языке